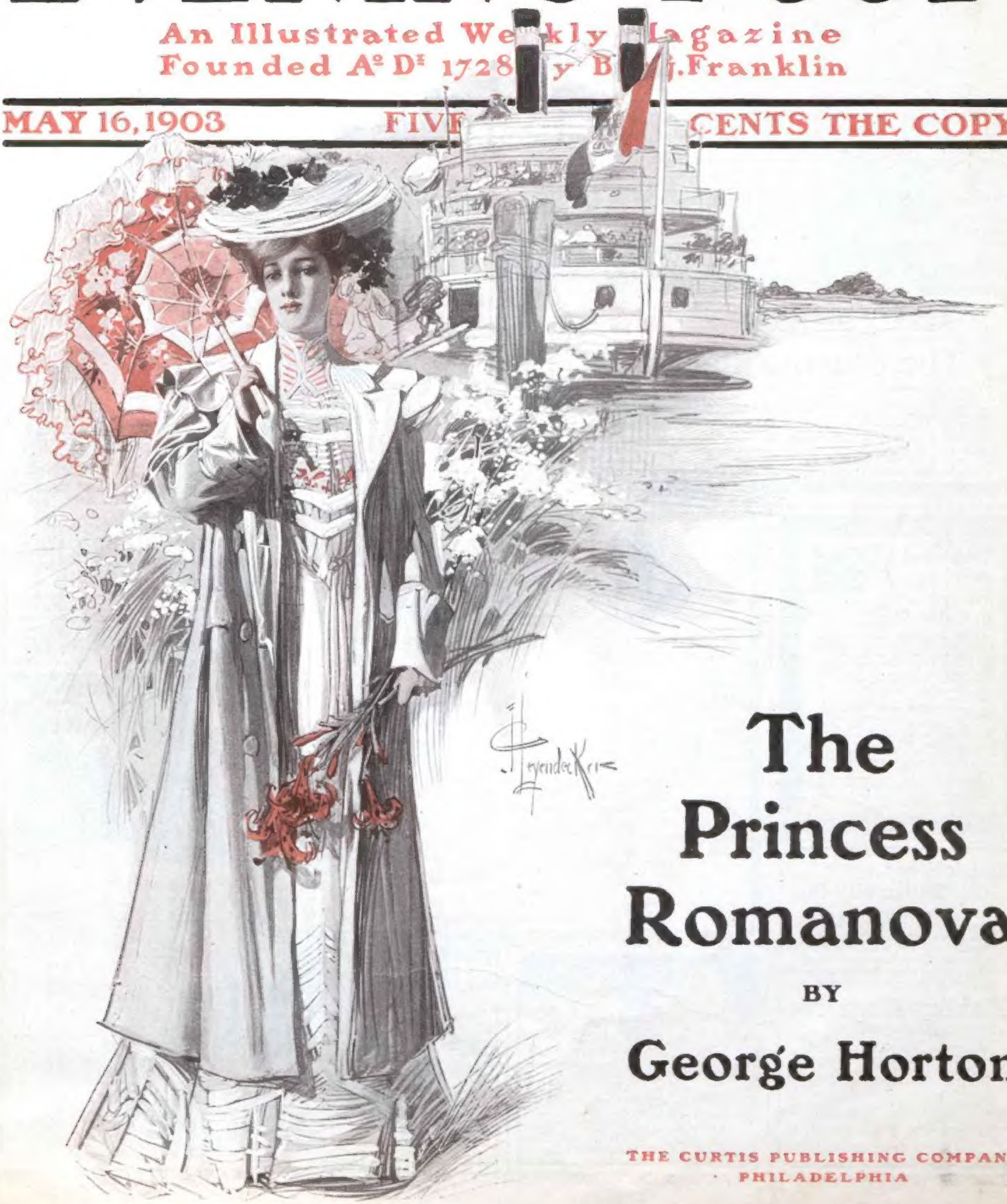
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by B[illegible]j.Franklin

MAY 16, 1903 FIVE CENTS THE COPY



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BY

George Horton

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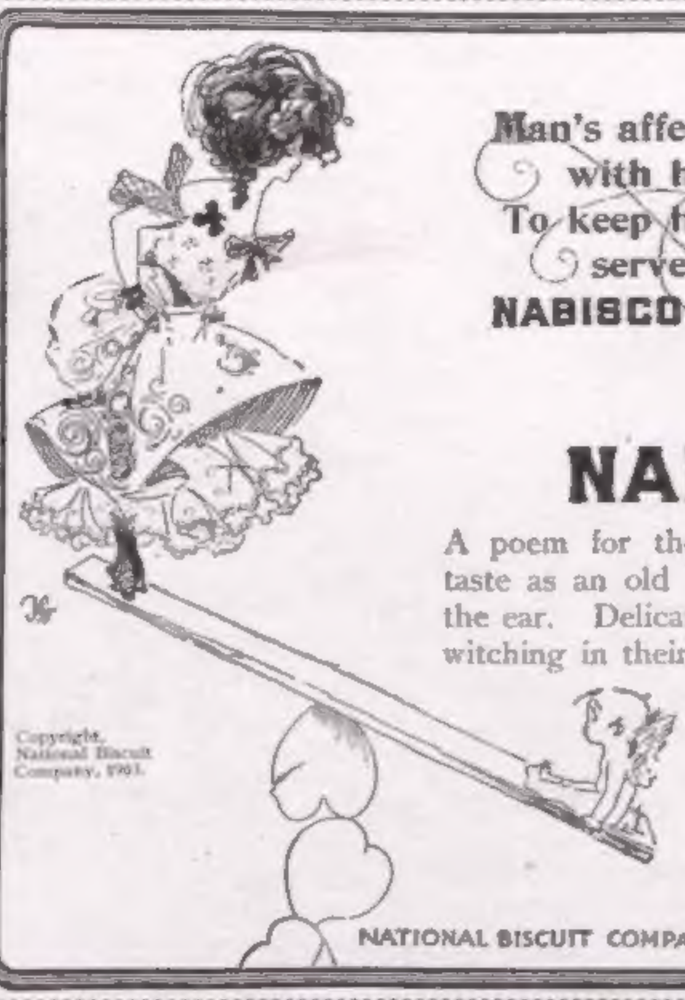

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Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 175 — PHILADELPHIA, MAY 16, 1903 — Number 46

Americans of To-Day and To-Morrow—By Albert J. Beveridge

THE END TO WHICH OUR POWER AND DOMINION MUST BE SHAPED IF IT IS NOT TO BE OUR UNDOING

"WHAT is the secret of your power?" said one of those who sat by the bedside of the dying Richelieu. "Tell us, that we may continue your work for the good of France." And the dying statesman-soldier-priest answered: "Some say it is courage—that I am a lion; some say it is craft—that I am a fox. It is neither. It is justice." So runs the noble anecdote. Doubtless it is not true as a literal fact, but it ought to be true; therefore, for the purposes of human instruction it is true. Every man of sensibility occasionally finds a story which so interprets man and the world to him that henceforth it becomes a part of his character.

Such a tale is the legend of Richelieu. Apply it to the Republic. Justice! This Nation must be just. The first paper was designed to show our power, growing out of our location on the map of the world and the resources within us; the second paper attempted to show that out of the elements of our very being springs our first national and individual necessity of character: to wit, the necessity of conservatism, moderation, thoughtful poise. This paper is to demonstrate that this power which, unrivaled in the world if well conserved, must pass all other human influences and is worth while only when used justly.

And if the Nation must be just in its dealings with the world, its citizens must be just. Why? Because no citizen of the Republic can disassociate himself from the Nation. The Nation's necessities are his necessities; the Nation's characteristics, his characteristics; the Nation's opportunities, his opportunities; weightier than all, the Nation's duties are his duties. And duty is a great word. It is a greater word than the word wealth; greater than the words money, power, glory, dominance. It is the word which makes all the other words worth while. No sane man, no lover of his kind, no gentle man, can tolerate mere strength which is not directed to high purposes. Every one of us dislikes cant and all hypocrisy. Pretense of high purposes, which we know very well is not in the heart of the man who professes them, is repellent. But every one of us uncovers before the man whom in our very being we know to be both powerful and just. This is true even when such a man is a bitter personal enemy. "I hate him, but I must follow him. I cannot help it," exclaimed a local politician of a political leader whose boldness and forgetfulness of self in a great emergency had chained the attention of a State. "I must follow him—him, because he has been just." And so the ward politician of an American town repeated in substance the dying words of France's most accomplished statesman.

What Shall We Do With Our Power?

OUR critics assert that we are defective in art and the graces of life, but admit our power. In sheer might we are a Berserker people. Very well! What are we going to do with that power? We are going to conserve it, save it, regulate it, of course. But what for? To get fat upon? No! Merely to vaunt ourselves? No! To flaunt our flag before the world? No! To have it said of us that we are "unrivaled" or any other word of vainglory? No! What is all this power and wealth and domination for, then? Let any American search his soul and he will answer: "For righteousness—for justice—for the good of the world."

So we see that justice to other peoples (and therefore justice among ourselves) is the second element of national (and therefore individual) character which this Nation must possess. In these papers it would have been put first but that our strength will come to naught for good as well as for evil unless it is conserved

We are "up against" all other nations—"up against" the world. (Let us not disdain our vernacular—the phrase of the "man of the street"—and therefore let us say "up against.") It is neither our merit nor our fault that this is so. Progress has made it so. Ocean greyhounds have made it so. The cable has made it so. The wireless message will make it so even more than it is now. If Lettré said a century ago that "the globe is a very inferior planet," what would he say to-day? Whether we will or no, we are mixed up in the world's controversies. So, to-day, is every nation. We cannot keep to ourselves if we would. It is useless to argue whether this is bad or good. It is so.

Consider an analogy. There was a certain tragedy recently. The press carried its details in full. One cannot help but think that such advertisement of wickedness is a bad thing. But what is the use of moralizing? The press spread the news because the Nation was interested; the Nation was interested because to-day the Nation is a family; and the press is the national family gossip. The telegraph, the telephone, the electric railway, rural free delivery, everything has made the American People a single community. A town in Iowa is now a suburb of New York. Crawfordsville, Indiana, knows all about Boston. What happens in New Orleans happens in Chicago so far as the knowledge of the event is concerned. In the same way the American Republic is a member of the family of nations—a controlling member and destined to be more so. Preach against it as you will, the fact remains.

Having this condition, therefore, what is to be done? Justice is to be done. Righteousness is to be done. High purposes are to be accomplished. It is not cant to insist that we are agents of divine purposes.

> The hand that rounded Peter's dome
> And groined the aisles of Christian Rome
> Wrought in a sad sincerity;
> *Himself from God he could not free.*

So wrote Emerson. And he wrote truly of the artist. Did he not also write truly of this Nation? What American has not entertained from his youth the dream that this Nation shall be the arbiter of the destinies of the world? But the arbiter for what ends? Let us survive in history, at least, and in ideals wrought into deeds; for we shall surely have a physical ending (perhaps hundreds of years away, but none the less we cannot hope to escape the universal law of dissolution). A nobler race than ours will take our place. But let us be the noblest thus far evolved. Let us live up to our possibilities. And our possibilities! No contemporary mind can grasp them. The mind of the future will grasp them but not the mind of the present. The mind which the world will produce a thousand years from now will consider our work and problems very easy to do and very easy to solve, just as we now consider the conditions of mediæval times almost absurd in their simplicity. Very well. Let us show history that we lived up to the best that was within us. Let us show the future that we Americans were the best possible product of our times. We shall do all this if History writes of us: "The American People in their time were known of all men as 'the just nation.'"

We all read the Bible. Why do we read it? Because those ancient Hebrews (say what you will against them) gave the world moral ideas. They gave us those moral ideas along with crudeness and cruelty of conduct, it is true; but we forget the barbarity and we make the moral ideas our ideals and try to live up to them. The point is that truth, the loftiest views, genuine brotherhood are the only things worth while. And who would confine brotherhood to locality? It is "a contradiction in terms," as the logicians say, is it not? And if so, let us expand our thought and then ask: Who would confine brotherhood to boundaries—to nations?

By a chain of the logic of events, so strong that the wisest cannot account for it except upon the hypothesis of a divine wisdom which confounds statesmen, we have many foreign problems on our hands—the Philippine problem, the Cuban problem, the South American problem; in short, we have world problems. How are we going to

Editor's Note—This is the third paper in a series by Senator Beveridge. The next will appear in an early number.

solve them? For the good of ourselves? Certainly. The instinct of self-interest which is ineradicable settles that. But what is our self-interest? Dollars and cents? Yes, that is an element; because dollars and cents represent comforts, intelligence, ideals in the homes of the millions; and it is in the homes of the American millions that all these questions are going to be settled. But are they going to be settled exclusively for the comfort of those homes? Certainly not; for we are more than mere animals. They are going to be settled for the comfort of those American homes and also for the comfort of all other homes which our American influence reaches—and for the comfort of all these homes as a condition of their realizing the highest things of life. Therefore all our policies must be determined by those principles to which Richelieu's secret is the key—justice.

But what is justice? We have so many different opinions that it is hard to decide? Take the Philippine problem for illustration. Strenuous dissenters from the Nation's policy affirm that we should leave them to themselves—that it is unjust to force upon them other ideas than they have. Others—and a majority—assert that the firm hand and, gradually, as they can comprehend instruction, the ideals of civilization are the true method with them, as with a child. In this the writer shares. But of this one thing we may be sure: that whatever is just, whatever is best, the American millions will decide upon regardless of cost. In other words, power is worse than useless unless directed to the best ends which the possessor of that power is capable of conceiving. And the moral desire to do the right thing will give us the light to see what that right thing is.

Good manifestations of American spirit are found in those powerful Americans who "do things" in business. One such—a real "captain of industry"—said in young manhood: "I am going to do something in this world; I do not care whether it brings me millions or not. I know I shall organize vast industrial and commercial forces. I have it in me, and when I realize my plans I am going to do justice between capital and labor. Capital and labor, what misleading terms! Why not oneness? Why are not our interests all the same?" These words of the dreaming youth twenty-seven years ago are now the accomplished deeds of the mature man. For that young man is now the directing mind of large industrial organizations. And beneath what others call self is an almost religious desire to do his duty, not to the American People only, but to humankind. He has introduced "publicity"—a statement to the American Nation, to the world—of the assets and prospects of his corporations. He has developed and put into practice profit-sharing among scores of thousands of laborers. He has given the toiler a "stake" in the enterprises the toiler's labor helps create. And in all of it as high an ideal of justice as that which inspired King Arthur at his Round Table has governed him. More and more it is governing most of America's eighty millions. It is true that there are among us those who are sordidly self-seeking. They will not prevail in private business or in public life. They are not worth considering.

Be sure, young American of the twentieth century, that you may succeed temporarily with selfish plans and unjust practices, but all your large and far-reaching and permanent designs will fail unless they are based on justice to your fellowman and to the world.

The Obligations of Strength

A WEAK person may be tolerated for taking little advantages, but never a strong one. Putting it on the lowest plane, a strong man or a strong nation can afford to be just. It is good business. It begets a respect and confidence which are the best possible asset. And so it is that out of the very fact of our overwhelming powers grows the corresponding necessity of justice in our dealings with the world. Like conservatism, it is an element of our national character which our situation compels. The American statesman of to-day will fall even in the regard of his own countrymen if, in foreign controversies, he does not do justice even though that should work apparent sacrifices of American interests. All admit the power of public opinion in our internal affairs. Similarly, there is such a thing as international opinion, world opinion. He is a daring and foolish man who refuses to heed the settled convictions of his fellow-citizens in town, county and state; and just so the nation is unwise which despises the esteem which the rest of mankind puts upon it. When it is seen that, through the years and decades and centuries, a nation is just, a moral regard is earned more powerful than fleets and armies.

As before insisted upon, the principles of national conduct must be the principles of individual conduct of the citizen. Let us repeat, a thousand times if necessary, that no true American can separate himself from the Nation and its destiny. Let us weld and fuse our destinies into the Nation's destiny. Thus, the Nation's ideals become our personal ideals; and if the American Nation must be just, so must the American citizen. If "charity begins at home" no less does justice begin at home. Let every young American know that sharp practice is a certain method of business and social suicide. When a man after years of right living and upright dealing has it said of him, "He will do what is right," he has achieved a power among his fellows which millions could not give.

We have a class of practical people who want to get at the physical machinery for doing a thing which ought to be done. It is a good thing that we have such a class. But sometimes their practicability makes them unpractical—in great affairs, at least. If you cannot point out just how a desired end is to be reached they will say, "What is the use?" And so of this general necessity for justice as the ruling element in American policies and character, they will exclaim: "We agree, but by what device will you determine justice and enforce it?" But the large things of human life and history are not to be determined by any devices, but by a thing more effective than any mechanism of legislation. That thing is the spirit of the people. That is what we are pleading for now. If a people have woven into the fibre of their moral and mental being the element of justice, they will work out right conclusions as each occasion arises.

This Government is based upon public opinion; and public opinion is the composite conviction formed in the familiar conversations of the American fireside. In our early days we had in each colonial home the wheel and spindle and distaff; and the clothing of the family was wrought and made beneath the roof-tree by the American mother and daughter. They have disappeared; but the loom of intelligent talk from which emerges the fabric of a family's convictions has taken their place. And this fireside loom of family conversation is the mechanism which is going to work out all of our national problems for us. It is the machinery which is going to weave justice for ourselves and national justice toward other people.

In the Opinion of the Million is Justice

NOBODY who knows anything of American life ever appeals to the individual. He appeals to the family. No man's individual opinion is sure to be right upon anything; but it will not be far from wrong if his opinion is the conclusion of all around his hearthstone. It is amazing with what economic sense the mother, wife or sister will modify the views of husband, brother and son; and even the boys and girls, when large questions of right are put to them, are swift with elemental ideas of large and rough justice. And so the opinions which issue from the millions of American homes, combined, are in the long run going to be right opinions.

This is not only sentimentally so; it is practically true, and also scientifically correct. "Nature cares nothing for the individual," said an American scientist of universal and permanent reputation. "Nature eliminates the individual; Nature cares only for the pair—for the family." And so in the science of public affairs, individual opinion may be neglected; but the opinion of the family cannot be.

Let each American family, then, be the Nation in miniature and decide all questions, foreign and domestic, as though it were the court of the last resort. There is one thing that everybody who has studied Russia must admire about that singular people, however much he may dislike other things about them—the whole nation is built upon the idea of the family. It is a natural method of national solidarity. It is our American method, too. We are a Nation of families; and, as pointed out, these families are so connected that the whole Nation is a family. So that if the American family adopts justice as its ideal in daily conduct, the Nation is naturally going to adopt justice as its ideal in international conduct. And the American family will—does—make justice its ideal. For selfishness, individual advantage, personal gain of one member of the family as against the common good of all, is a thing abhorrent to the very idea of family itself. Given the principle of selfishness in sufficient force and the idea of family explodes. Given the idea of justice and forbearance, and the family is vital and enduring.

We are at present used to the word "commercialism." I like it very well if it means prosperity and happiness for the American home. But nobody likes it if it stands for mere animal opulence. But should any reader of this paper have reduced his habits of thought to dollars and cents, let us spend a paragraph in showing that justice pays higher dividends than anything else. Take mercantile life. In early practice, when he was studying possible clients, a young lawyer heard a leading business man referred to as the "sharpest buyer in his line." Investigation showed that he was a man who took advantage wherever he could. For a while it really appeared that success was the slave of his cunning brain. But it was only for a while. Not two decades have passed and that man is not only a business failure but has rendered further business success an impossibility. He lost credit and countenance among those with whom he dealt. "Advantage" and not "justice" was his motto, and that motto led him to the brink over which he plunged.

The Rewards of Sharp Practice

A YOUNG lawyer, brilliantly endowed and who started out with fine performance which argued a still finer promise, was seen by the judges on the bench and by his professional brethren to indulge in "sharp practice." He became fond of finesse in professional work. The ethics of the law were to him "foolery." He said one day in the intoxication of success over one of his masterpieces of craft: "Well, I admit it; I like sharp practice, and it wins, too. Besides, it is such fun to disarm a fool." What was the result? With all his finished swordsmanship he soon found himself dueling with all society; and that master antagonist disarmed *him*. With his superb abilities he has been quietly eliminated from his profession and from all human usefulness.

Take politics. It is noteworthy that the great "bosses" are scrupulous of their word and prize the reputation of "never going back on a friend" dearer than real statesmen prize the authorship of great laws, the championship of high ideals. This is an acknowledgment that even from their viewpoint these bosses make personal justice the mainspring of their machines. They would fail otherwise. And how many times has the country noted the collapse of individual careers because of inherent selfishness and injustice. Sometimes a man by wealth or other means reaches a position of power. If his ambition gets the better of his common-sense, his fears of possible rivals distort his whole moral perspective. He becomes unjust to other public men. He schemes for the downfall of those he thinks dangerous to his selfish hopes. If he controls a newspaper he is sure to see that his organ over-capitalizes his public work to the people and also that it discredits and conceals the work of other public men. What is the result? In the American home (that temple of American conscience) a great question mark vaguely forms in the family mind and constantly grows more definite until it is a burning sign. And before that blazing interrogation point the schemes and ambitions of this public worker of injustice dissolve and come to naught. Why do they come to naught? Merely because the ambitious one has forgotten justice; and he who forgets justice, justice will forsake. And justice is the ruling deity of the American household and the American Nation.

This paper and many more might be taken up with incidents like the above—true ones and typical; and each reader can supply scores within his own observation. Each reader, too, can supply scores of the reverse—hundreds, where the doing of just work day by day has made those of moderate and even poor talents permanently successful.

Into our daily conduct, then, let us each weave this all-powerful element. Its growth, upon cultivation, will surprise the most skeptical. Mr. Porter, in his work on Moral and Mental Philosophy, which years ago was a textbook in all colleges, speaking of the force of habit, said something to the effect that "Neglect conscience in your daily deeds and it will soon be atrophied. Cultivate it and it will soon become as delicate as a woman's blush." And Hamlet tells his mother that "habit is a second nature." Modern scientific thought will not go that far; yet all will admit as a matter of daily experience that the influence of habit has a power something akin to the power of Nature itself. The power of habit in moral ideas is just as great as in immoral practices. So, if the habit of our daily lives is justice, it will grow after a while into a fixture of our character. Conversely, if all resolve that the deeds of the Nation in our transactions with foreign people shall have, above all, the ingredient of justice in them we shall soon come to apply to ourselves the same thought which makes us require the Nation to be just.

Justice, then, Americans of the twentieth century! Pride in the Republic is false if not based on justice. Hopes for the Republic's destiny are mere mirages unless justice makes them real. Neglect not ideals. They are more permanent than cities or farms or railroads in a nation's career. And of all ideals, justice is the first; over all ideals justice presides.

A Feverish Berth

EUGENE H. PLUMACHER, of Tennessee, has been consular agent at Maracaibo since 1878 and consul since 1883. Many patriots, who desired to serve their country for the $2000 salary Consul Plumacher enjoys, have gone to Maracaibo, but none has remained. Plumacher attends to that.

At the State Department in Washington they say when a ship arrives bringing a consul appointed to Maracaibo Plumacher is on the dock with effusive greetings.

"My dear sir," says Plumacher, "I extend to you the heartiest of welcomes. I——." Then, as if struck by a sudden thought, Plumacher withdraws the hands he has outstretched and says: "But, no, I must not touch you, for I have just returned from officiating at the last sad rites for two dear friends who died of the yellow fever."

The consul shudders. Later in the day, after he has dined with Plumacher, they take a stroll. The newcomer sees a row of graves, each decorated with an American flag.

"Do they decorate the graves of soldiers here, too?"

"Oh, no," replies Plumacher. "Those are not soldiers. There rest the remains of several fellow-countrymen, each of whom came here to be consul. They all died of the yellow fever and I strive to honor their memories."

That is enough. The next ship takes the quaking patriot home, and Plumacher settles down to the routine of official life until another ambitious successor arrives.

TALKS WITH A KID BROTHER AT COLLEGE—By Jesse Lynch Williams

HORSE PLAY

I HEAR they have been electing you president, or is it manager, of one of the teams—what's that? Only assistant manager, is it? Same thing; as you are to be graduated into full importance of managership next year.

How did I find out about it? Not from you; you said nothing about this momentous matter in your last letter. But it wasn't necessary. I am a fairly intelligent American citizen; I keep in touch with the more important processes of civilization. This piece of history was spread broadcast to the metropolitan newspapers—took its place along with news of Congress' action about that little Philippine matter, and the trouble with the Northern Pacific, and the attempt at assassination of some foreign potentate or other, who wasn't important enough for me to remember.

Think how proud I must be! I am his brother. I knew him years ago. Didn't I point this item out to every one within hail of my chair at the club? And when I finally put the paper down I left it on the table folded over at that place so the next man who picked up that copy would be sure to see the news about the family—only just then along came Peter, a most unimaginative servant, who smoothed it out straight again, just as if it were an ordinary newspaper. Say, Dick, you ought to subscribe to a clipping bureau now; think of the number of times your name will be in the papers during the next two years: "At the close of the meeting, Manager Dickie was asked to make a statement, but declined to discuss the matter." Ah! "declined to discuss the matter!" Think of waving the reporters aside magnificently, jumping into a cab and dashing away with an important scowl upon your brow! Been bothered with many requests from boarding-school girls for your autograph?

"Horse you?" I wouldn't do that for the world. Quit grinning and looking foolish. No. You needn't wear that resigned look of silent suffering, either. I'm not going to preach to you against the danger of a swelled head. You fellows are keen enough about spotting symptoms of swelled head in one another. Sometimes you overdo the thing. Now, there was Chesty Chisholm.

A charming fellow; not prominent, like you—that's right, blush and dodge behind yourself—but a nice, normal chap, of more than average intelligence and breeding, who had an efficient sense of humor and therefore a fairly adequate appreciation of the mutual attitude and inter-relations of himself and the universe. But he had an odd gait, carried his shoulders with a conceited swing, looked chesty. So they called him "Chesty."

This is a good illustration, by the way, of how some fellows get an undeserved reputation. He inherited this peculiarity from his father, class of sixty-something—was back here for a reunion one commencement; we noticed he walked in exactly the same way. But Chesty did not know he had an odd walk, and, for that matter, he did not worry much over being called Chesty—until he was more than half-way through his college course.

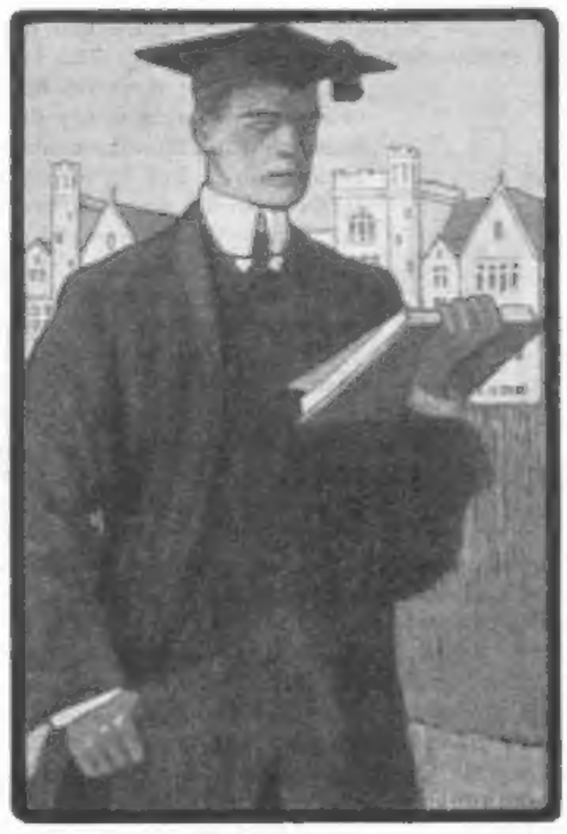
One night in the spring of his junior year a gang of his pals happened to be passing by—I believe this is the way the thing began—when one of them saw Chesty standing at his window, and so naturally bawled out, "Hello-o, Chesty Chisholm!" Chesty looked down at them and nodded. "Hello, you fellows," he remarked casually.

"Hello-o, Chesty Chisholm," yelled another of the gang.

"Hello, Chesty Chisholm," bellowed a third—you know how I mean. Then, being in a jocular mood, they all began shouting it together in a way that would seem very foolish to older people who are not in sympathy with youth, or certain youths who are as self-possessed as they are self-conscious.

Chesty stood at the window grinning at these wild Indians for a moment, and then telling them where to go or some other proper or improper retort, slammed the window and thought that was the end of a little episode like hundreds of campus episodes which happen nightly, and which would not be worth mentioning except that the next night the same gang happened to be coming home from the grill-room, and the same thing happened again.

This time some other fellows across the quadrangle, hearing the racket, poked their heads out of their open windows and also yelled, "Hello, Chesty Chisholm." Then some others way down on the back campus, being tired of poling, and desirous of a diversion, echoed the refrain from the distance. Chesty grinned, kept on undressing and went to sleep.



That was the last good sleep he had for two weeks. As soon as he appeared the next day the gang reminiscently saluted him from a distance in the same manner. For no reason in the world except that they felt like it they continued to do so. By nightfall all of his classmates were shouting, "Hello-o, Chesty Chisholm," whether they spied him a quarter of a mile away or did not see him at all. After that everybody, whether friends of his or not, took it up like a war cry. Even under-classmen joined in who did not know him, except by sight as a man who looked stuck on himself. On the way to lectures, coming back from the club or at the close of baseball practice, some one would think to shout, "Hello, Chesty Chisholm"; then some one else, then every one would echo it. After senior singing the front campus sounded like a riot. No one had anything against him, you know, but it seemed worth while to join in the chorus.

He stood it pretty well for a while; smiled and went on about his business, swinging his shoulders; but eventually it got on his nerves. He wondered why they did it; hadn't thought much about himself before; and decided that there must be something queer about him. He tried to keep out of the way as much as possible; stuck to his room—even there he could hear them yell when any one in the crowd thought to start it going. Came late to his meals. If they hollooed at him he grinned outside, but within he cringed.

One day he did not appear at the club at all. After dinner some of the gang went up to see if he were ill. They found him standing over a half-packed trunk.

"Where're you going, Chesty?" they asked.

"Thought I'd take a little trip," he said.

"Why, see here, your books are all boxed up!"

"Yes, boxed up."

"Do you mean to leave college entirely?"

"Yes, I'm leaving."

"What in thunder are you doing that for?"

Finally they got it out of him.

"Oh, there's nothing tragic about it," he added, flushing. "You needn't look at me that way. I suppose I could stick it out if I wanted to, but I don't care to. It doesn't pay, that's all. I've had about enough. Everybody yells at me all day and most of the night. Even freshmen I never saw before point me out—yes, they do; I can see them grin and punch each other and they say, 'There's the man they call Chesty Chisholm.' I don't blame them, I don't blame you fellows or anybody. If you want to call me Chesty go ahead, I can't help it. I suppose I must be sort of objectionable. So I'm leaving. Good-by. I've got to finish packing."

Well, of course, he wasn't allowed to do any more packing that evening. But, do you know, he was so determined that it took them half the night to dissuade him. They had to drag him by main force out of the room. Then, while the rest unpacked his things, two of his best friends took him off and filled him up with a good supper and afterward walked him away out into the country and talked him out of it. For the first time in his life he found out how well he was liked. Next day, of course, they spread the tip among the class to let up on Chesty. The novelty of the gag had worn off by this time, anyway, so it was comparatively easy to silence the rest of the college by hisses and loud orders to "cut it out" whenever anybody began it. So it gradually ceased entirely and every one forgot all about it. But no one, except his intimate friends, knows how near they came to queering the college course of a man they liked and respected—all because they did not know when to stop their "horsing."

That, of course, is an extreme case, but all the same from my observation the modern young man is not so often hampered by conceit as by the lack of it. Of course, we all know exceptions—and exceptions are always more obtrusive, or else they wouldn't be exceptions. But, at any rate, there has been quite enough said already about the assurance of youth; and so, though it always goes, I don't intend to join in. Youth and conceit are supposed to dash blindly forward, hand in hand: that is proverbial, but if proverbs are sound they must teach something—that is the object of proverbs, isn't it? Well, by this time I believe youth has learned a little from this one. If not, then it isn't worth teaching: Q. E. D. either way. Most of you overwork the modest act. "Oh, my, no! really I am of no account—I can't do anything—please let me crawl into my hole and hide," seems to be your attitude.

Sometimes it takes several years out of college to get over it; more than once I've seen a young man sort of wake up suddenly, when he has found himself, rub his eyes and seem to say, "Well, for Heaven's sake! why didn't I realize this before!"

Just between you and me there is a great deal more simon pure overweening conceit among men of my age, or, say, when they're a little older and have begun to take on fat. And to my mind this calm, impenetrable self-satisfaction, this fatty degeneration of the ego, is much more absurd than the yawping, barking confidence of the puplike age, which at worst is merely amusing.

The fact is, I sometimes wonder how you fellows can keep on listening with so much respectful patience when these old boys come down here and blow off the same old hot-air bombast. But how did we stand it? I can see them now standing before us, smiling kindly, a frock coat buttoned tight across the stomach to make it look like a chest, and seeming to say, "Am I not (as my wife tells me) a fine figure of a man!" as they let fly at us about youth and its futile dreams of conquering the world; "I know how it is, I was once a young man myself (astonishing thought!) I, too, have trod yonder classic, elm-shaded paths," and so on as usual. We used to sit very still and try to look duly impressed as became our youth and inexperience. But sometimes I couldn't help thinking, suppose we did not know our place, suppose instead of holding our peace and filing out modestly while he beamed down upon us, with a patronizing smirk, pronouncing us a fine, manly, modest lot—just suppose we were to let loose and say, "Hi there! Fatty, don't judge us by yourself. Simply because you happened to be a conceited prig in college it does not necessarily follow that all of us are. You were a young man at the most artificial period of the century. You read Byron and took Bulwer Lytton seriously, and sat on horse-hair sofas, and curled incipient side-whiskers before ugly walnut bureaus. What do you know about us, anyway! But you do know something about the real world, presumably; why don't you give us some straight talk about that. What we, who are kids, want from you, who are men, is a little substantial encouragement once in a while, a little assurance that there's a fighting chance for a fellow across the great divide; not so much discounting of the future and a little more faith in it. Give us something solid to take hold of, to fasten on to, to live by—then we'll rise up and call you blessed."

But nowadays, Dick, I find myself on certain occasions assuming the same irritating note. You will come to it yourself, some day. In freshman year you thought you would always be above "horsing," but when you came to sophomore year you did it too—was it to get your revenge?

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of Mr. Williams' "Talks." The next will appear in an early number.

THE LIGHTER SIDE

Some Humors of the White House

BY ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

"IT SHOULD be about this place," said Bronson Howard, the playmaker, tapping on the sidewalk with his umbrella. He was on Pennsylvania Avenue at the time. "I was a toddling youngster of say three to four. My father, having first shaken me as though I were a bottle of medicine, gave me an emphatic cuff on the ear. I was turning these phenomena in my small mind and wondering thereover, for my father was in no sort prone to such manual vivacities, when he called my attention to a coffin being borne through the doors of the National Hotel.

"'My child,' said he with vast solemnity, 'I cuffed you to impress upon your childish memory how that coffin carries the body of the great Henry Clay, and that you and I are in Washington in attendance upon his funeral.'

"In such fashion," concluded the author of Aristocracy, "did it happen that the first thing I can recollect in this life was the death and burial of the Kentucky compromiser, albeit I, at the time, far from approved my parent's methods and wailed dolefully thereat. My tears, however, much dovetailed with the funeral occasion and gave me, I was told later, a most respectable appearance."

President Hayes during his White House residence had a better place in Washington estimation than he now owns in history. He was liked by the folk about him, and came to be almost as often and as easily in the streets as his predecessor. Mrs. Hayes was much upon his arm for these walks; and on Sundays she would have him across Lafayette Square to their church, where he was heroic enough to sit through dull sermons and act as though he liked them. Mrs. Hayes was a lady of elevation and no little fineness as well as force. In one respect this stood unfortunate for Hayes, since it is ever the husband's fate to be underestimated when discovered in contrast with a wife who overshadows him.

Hayes had his own dry wit, too, and could say a sharp thing when spurred. Here would be a specimen: A certain Senator—very arrogant was this statesman—had crowded and pressed hard upon Hayes to fill a vacant collectorship. Hayes, though often urged, seemed in no headlong mood to act. One afternoon the arrogant Senator was at the White House on business other than the collectorship. As he went about his departure it occurred to him to take a sneering shot at the President over the delayed appointment.

"I trust, Mr. President," observed the arrogant one, "that your industry will get around to that collectorship in time to give it to my executor?"

"Believe me," said Hayes, turning a grim eye on the other, "I should be most pleased to give it to your executor."

The Airing of the Presidential Linen

RECURRING to the subject of Presidents' wives, when Mrs. Harrison came first to the White House she accomplished one feat of housecleaning which sent a profound thrill throughout the red-tape contingent, and was a shock to folk with whom precedent or custom has the place of moral principle.

It would appear that since the days of the pipe-smashing Jackson it had been usage, so soon as a resolution or a bill was printed, to send two copies thereof to the White House for the enlightenment, if not the improvement, of the Presidential mind. None of these precious documents was read, since the President—whoever he might be at the time—held always that it would be soon enough to burden himself with such knowledge when the measure passed House and Senate and came beneath his nose for veto or approval. Still these copies were not destroyed; they were pigeonholed as they came in, and when enough had been assembled to make a sizable bundle, given a belt of red tape and filed away in the empty garret of the mansion, there to sleep and put on coats of dust as part of the dormant machinery of State. There abode no public reason why these papers should be preserved; but then their collection and subsequent hiving in the garret gave employment to a brace of clerks and formed the basis of a pair of salaries, and that, you should know, is—practically speaking—a great first purpose of all government. And since bills and resolutions, in their multiplication, are a thriving industry, during those sixty years to fall between the Harrison régime and that of the far-away Jackson, the garret had grown quite choked with the accumulated many tons of these documents.

Editor's Note—This is the second of four papers by Mr. Lewis. The next will appear in an early number.

THE EX-SPEAKER SAT COCKED UP IN AN EASY CHAIR

Now to Mrs. Harrison's glory, be it written, her instincts were emphatically those of the housewife. She had not been in the Executive Mansion an hour before she began an exhaustive exploration of her new domain. The vasty attic caught her eye; it would be a pearl of an attic wherein to dry the family washing when Monday chanced to be a rainy day. But these stacks and cocks of musty, dusty papers were in the way. What a world of them there was, too, to clutter the place!

To one of experience, however, solution should be easy and instant. The ragman was summoned and the obstructing bills and resolutions were disposed of at two cents a pound, and therefrom a tidy sum was harvested. Also, with the disappearance of this lumber Mrs. Harrison rejoiced in a garret as empty as a political promise and almost as big as a ten-acre lot. The largest washing on the most rainy Monday of all time might have found a refuge there.

But these improvements made a cry, I warrant you! When the next bundle of collected bills was ready for a final filing away the clerk discovered the loss. His heart was almost made to cease its beat; he wrung his hands and lifted up the wail of one made desolate. What might he do? That devastation was the fact accomplished; the archives of the nation had gone the way of rags, and in their sacred stead there hung the Presidential washing undismayed.

Harrison's Pet Anecdote

HARRISON was a soul of silence and reserve; one meeting him felt a distinct chill, as though a wind blew off an ice field. For these Arctic attributes of silence and frigidity there came few to be warm friends of Harrison. Notably was he distasted by high spirits of his own party, and such frank discussionists as Teller of the Senate went to utter lengths in criticism against him, even to the point—on very slight occasion, too—of declaring that he ought to be impeached. This is quoted rather in illustration of how bitless and bridleless an irritated Senator will go, than because there was a least foundation therefor in anything the President had done. Still, as he lost adherents among his own party folk in the Senate, he drew the enemy about him in friendly bonds, and his chief spokesman and champion on the Senate carpet was Morgan, of Alabama.

For all his ice and chilly quietudes Harrison owned a sense of humor, and would now and then get hold of a joke and treasure it as a schoolboy might an apple, having it frequently out of his pocket to exhibit and admire. One such would be a story he was ever quick to tell on the austere Justice Field, who didn't like it.

Complaining letters of all sorts come to a President. One day a Western marshal grew querulous because an item in his accounts, by which the Government was charged with a carriage furnished Field from his hotel to the court, had been disallowed. The marshal's grief was made the sharper since his fellow-marshal of an adjoining State had likewise furnished a carriage for Field when he held court within his district, and the charge had been allowed and paid.

Commonly, little attention is given to these cries of the wronged beyond what is required to shunt them upon a "proper" official—usually the one against whom complaint is lodged. But in this instance Harrison asked his secretary to discover the truth of the trouble. Why was one charge allowed and the other refused?

"BELIEVE ME," SAID HAYES, "I SHOULD BE MOST PLEASED TO GIVE IT TO YOUR EXECUTOR"

The secretary took a look into the riddle and learned that the fortunate one had been sagacious enough to include the carriage for Field in his item of expense "For care and transportation of prisoners." In that way it was allowed. It used to give Harrison much pleasure to relate this yarn; Field, however, saw nothing funny in it.

Cleveland's Liking for a Good Story

CLEVELAND, though of warmer currents than Harrison, was, when all was in, by no means so easy of access. Harrison felt inclined to see everybody in an iceberg way, while he thawed to none. On the other hand, Cleveland in no sort yielded to the theory that any who might find his way to the White House was entitled to clip a yard or two from his time. His friends might come at any hour and stay to any length; but strangers were made wholly and solely to deal with that very lamb's wool of private secretaries, the gentle Thurber. Of course they could get nothing from Thurber, not even information; still they failed not to bring away a vague glow about their soul's roots which Thurber's genuine, even though it were pointless, amiability had furnished. The milk-mild Thurber is dead now and adrift on other seas than these; yet it should be said of him that of those who came about Cleveland in his second term there was none more honest, more patient or more true.

Cleveland, like many another tenant of the White House, was sharp to enjoy a good story and could not hear too many. It is the mark common of genuine fisherman, as shown by Izaak Walton; still with that we have nothing to do. And Cleveland could be mightily tickled with an apt characterization of a favorite, as when Vest, of the Senate, while discussing Ambassador Bayard because of certain unguarded and somewhat flamboyant utterances of that diplomat, referred to Bayard as "that Ambassador of solar walks and lunar ways." This was a fair dab at Bayard, who possessed equal fame for an incoherency of method and a manner sun-kissed and glorious.

Speaking of stories, it may be safely printed down—since folk will do for laughter what they will not do for right—that more bad measures have been helped over the stile by good stories than by all sly bribes to fill the pocket, or lies and sophistries to fill the ear. The man who laughs, like the man who hesitates, is lost, and Cleveland could be moved and mollified by a story; so could House and Senate. Once Cleveland vetoed a private pension bill; in his message reciting his reasons he, among others, said that the would-be pensioner was a drunkard.

Jones, in the Senate from Nevada, was the author of the measure. He moved to pass it over the Presidential veto. Then, promptly pitching upon the charge of drunkenness as though it were the lone veto reason given, he told a story.

"It was long ago," said Jones. "I was loafing through an idle day in San Francisco. To kill the time I went into a courtroom and put in an hour listening to a trial then and there in progress. The plaintiff had broken his leg—he had alleged a defective sidewalk and sued the city. The attorney for the city interposed a plea of contributory negligence; he said he would show how the plaintiff, when he broke his leg, was drunk. But the Judge stopped him in mid-career; he was a good Judge and had a nose of vigorous red.

"'The Court will not entertain such a defense,' said the Judge, looking sternly at the lawyer for the city. 'Both the law and the equity are against you. Why should drunkenness on the part of this plaintiff be a bar to his recovery? Sir, a drunken man, under the law, is as much entitled to a perfect sidewalk as a sober man, and needs one more.'"

The Senate laughed, and on the tides of that laughter the pension bill came riding into port over the President's veto. When Cleveland heard the story he, too, laughed; also he informed Jones that had he in the beginning come to the White House and told him that tale, he doubtless would have foregone the veto and signed the bill.

The Blaine-Reed Feud

WHEN Blaine was Secretary of State with Harrison he went in for bolts, drawn curtains and secrets. The whole Department was quick to take on this locked-door atmosphere, and even to walk in the corridors of the State Department building was to feel one's self wading in knee-deep mysteries. The most open attitude of Blaine was his antipathy to Reed while the latter gentleman of brilliant wit and point reigned Speaker of the House. The feud in its inception had fallen forth over an ancient collectorship; and engendered of opposing interests in politics it was continued through jealousy. This left Reed—very much by his own choice, however—decisively alone as far as official folk from Maine were concerned, for Blaine's frown was equal to exile in his State. Blaine feared the spreading importance of Reed; he might scarce forgive him that Speakership which made him a power second only to the White House.

It was during that drastic rule of Reed when he "counted" a quorum and drew so much of malediction from Democrats

HIS HEART WAS ALMOST MADE TO CEASE ITS BEAT

—albeit the precedent therefor was made by no less a Jeffersonian than Thurman, who when President *pro tem.* of the Senate also "counted" a quorum—that an article of vitriol appeared in criticism of Reedian gavel methods and to denounce the Speaker as a House Nero. Reed supposed the article to have been written by Blaine himself. This was error; it was the bitter off-put of Gail Hamilton's pen—she was Blaine's sister by marriage—but since Blaine would on every chance read the attack to any who might come equipped with leisure to listen, Reed was not wanting justification for his belief.

It has been stated how the difference with Blaine, which was never repaired, left Reed to himself and marked him in Maine politics for a sort of Robinson Crusoe. He was a maroon—a kind of castaway of party. This isolation—confined, of course, to Maine—gains suggestion when one remembers that while both Frye and Hale were Senators of his State for years, and at the north end of the Capitol while he ruled as Speaker at the other, Reed never spoke with either or so much as enjoyed the formality of an introduction until after the passing of Blaine and when Reed was given the gavel for the second time. One gathers, too, a thought of the burly independence of the great Speaker from the fact that when his first meeting with the Maine Senators did take place, the Speaker's room at one corner of the House was the theatre chosen for that peace-making. Frye and Hale would have to do the walking.

"When a man attacked me," said Morrison, of Illinois, when retelling his tariff estrangements with Carter Harrison, "it was never my custom to seek him and show him he was wrong. I fought with him until he found his error out."

There was much in Reed that displayed him for a born brother to Morrison; he who could bend him could bend iron.

Blaine was a man of prides and sensibilities easily touched. If wounded, whether through carelessness or by design, he would requite the debt. This justice to be revenged would exert itself in smallest things, and once shone forth in a certain incident of social give-and-take between Blaine and the British Ambassador—then a Minister.

The latter, in converse with Blaine at the time, made an engagement to meet with him in the Diplomatic Room on the next Thursday at four o'clock.

"You will," said the Englishman, calling his secretary to his elbow, "remind me at the proper time how I have an engagement to meet with the Secretary of State on Thursday at four."

The following evening the Englishman encountered Blaine at a White House dinner.

"Let me see," he cried; "I've an appointment with you for Thursday at four?"

"I don't remember," replied Blaine with a sour twinkle; "you should ask your secretary."

Reed on the Cleveland-Hill Love Feast

THOUGH Reed was of a perverse and stiff-necked generation whenever it became a question of dealing with force, he abode a miracle of splendid frankness and open-door democracy at such times as the calls of their craft took the folk of newspapers to him on a quest for information. And yet Reed was of closest counsel; he told no news, and his frankness came to be rather a frankness of wit than of information. One might always rely on being flung some epigram, though he withheld the sought-for fact.

"MR. SPEAKER, HOW MUCH DO YOU WEIGH?"

It was about eight of the clock one evening when the sudden word descended upon newspaper row that Hill, Senator from New York, and until that hour reckoned among Cleveland's implacable enemies, was having his dinner with the President. This amazing story carried the wilder thrill, since it came at a time when Gorman and Vest and Harris and Morgan and Turpie and others of fiery kind were grilling both Cleveland and Hill in the Senate as cooks broil partridges. Among ones of eminence whose views were sought that night was Reed at the Shoreham. The ex-Speaker sat cocked up in an easy chair nursing a sprained ankle. He was asked what he deduced, as a scientist of politics, from this abrupt reconciliation of Cleveland and Hill over terrapin, canvas-back and burgundy.

"Why, then," returned Reed, bearing in evident mind those Senate fires whereon the two were just then stretched, "I deduce only the truth of the aphorism, 'Misery loves company.'" This in his usual drawling manner of speech, irresistibly comic.

Crisp, who was Reed's successor for the Speakership, and whom Reed in his turn would succeed, stood the sole figure among House Democrats who could match Reed in debate. Reed spoke all in one tone like the wind in a pine tree, and paused after each fourth word as though dictating to a leaden stenographer. There were no phrase-flourishes, no dictional graces; but the epigrammatic pelt of it and the hailstorm of sarcasm would beat the opposition as flat as a field of turnips. More often than once was Crisp driven to call a member to the chair and in person take the floor against Reed.

In figure and manner there were few likenesses between Reed and Crisp. The latter was exceedingly the Southern gentleman, affable, sincere, easy, wide in his friendships and his sympathies. He would as soon think of suicide as giving an insult or accepting one. Withal, he was fair in his judgments, and held the scales as Speaker evenly. In person Crisp was groomed and fine, and while physically large had an air of elegance and lightness. Reed was more the oak and solid—a giant, too, in height and chest girth. His forebears had been ocean-goers for over two centuries, and something of this aquatic ancestry would show even in his walk, which was like a ground-swell. As easy of approach as Crisp, he was not so urbane, and could be counted on for hot flashes of wit which not uncommonly were set to singe the one in converse with him. And yet, while the opposite might have been guessed from any casual study of the two, Reed was more led by rule—had, as it were, a deeper respect for law, as law, than Crisp.

How the Great Speaker Feared the Law

THE House was in session. There came to the "Speaker's door," so called, an ex-Member and his wife. The ex-Member desired to have his wife into the rear lobby where the portraits of former Speakers hang. Particularly, he wanted to show the lady that portrait of Reed which, though no likeness, is reckoned for reasons known only to artists a transcendent work.

The ex-Member might, under the rules, invade the lobby, and for that matter the floor of the House itself; but he couldn't take the other member of his family. In this dilemma the ex-Member sent his card to Reed. That gentleman responded; Reed and the ex-Member were close friends and had been House cronies but the Congress before. The ex-Member presented Reed to his wife, and explained his anxiety to take her into the lobby and give her a view of Reed's famous picture. They were to leave town on the four o'clock; if she did not then see the picture it would have to take its place with privileges missed.

"Do you think," said the ex-Member, "it would be possible to hold the rules in abeyance for a moment while I take Mrs. M. into the lobby? A glance at the picture is all she wants."

Reed was troubled; it stood plain on his face that he would give a deal to comply with the ex-Member's request.

"I am sorry," he said at last, "but in all honesty, I shouldn't like to violate the rules."

Reed returned to the House, and the ex-Member and his wife were about to depart, the lady in mighty disappointment. At this pinch Crisp came out of his room. He paused to greet the ex-Member. Being made known to the lady and observing her look of discontent, Crisp asked the reason in his polite, half-smiling fashion.

"She wanted to see Reed's picture," said the ex-Member, "but the House is in session, and of course the rules forbid."

"The reason of the rule," responded Crisp, "is to guard the House from being disturbed. Now Mrs. M. could not possibly disturb the House with her light foot and little figure. And so you see the 'reason' of the rule disappears. You know the aphorism, 'When the reason ceases, then ceases the law.' I think Mrs. M. with the greatest propriety may come into the lobby." And the Georgia Chesterfield would have the lady enter and look on Reed's painted features.

"I'm afraid," laughed the ex-Member to Crisp, while the trio stood about the picture, "that Reed is more law-abiding than you. Now he would not take Mrs. M. inside."

"Then," responded Crisp with a laugh, "he should have collected his ingenuity as a Yankee and turned the flank of the situation. He should have called one of the House messengers and had the picture brought out to Mrs. M. You see, Madam," concluded Crisp, bowing as his visitors took their leave, "I believe a lady should ever have her free, uninterrupted way; it is with me a life principle."

What No Gentleman Should Weigh

REED'S vast physique gave him no little uneasiness, and the story the scales told was one of his secrets. Little, flighty General Wheeler—himself not to weigh one hundred pounds—being struck by the Speaker's proportions, put the question: "Mr. Speaker," piped the midget warrior, looking the House Colossus up and down with wide eyes—"Mr. Speaker, how much do you weigh?"

It was the last query Reed would answer. He bent a look—half cynicism, half reproof—on the tactless small Wheeler. In the end he shook his head reproachfully and said: "General, no gentleman ever weighs over two hundred pounds."

FOR ALL HIS ICE AND CHILLY QUIETUDES HARRISON OWNED A SENSE OF HUMOR

The Don Quixote of the Senate

HAVING the House fast in his clutch with Crisp, Gorman, who had Presidential ambitions, would now step in to take the Senate organization from the Republicans so soon as ever the bars were down. That was a day which mightily promoted the impressiveness of the populist Peffer. Long, lean, with a beard like unto Aaron's and a Don Quixote face, Peffer theretofore had been granted little or no countenance by either Democrats or Republicans. Now both parties made a pet of him and were scrambling for his good will. He went finally with the Gorman folk.

It was about this time, too, that a gentleman of the press asked the celebrated Jerry Simpson what he had to say of his party's Senator from Kansas.

"It would do no good to print it," observed Jerry; "he's there until the end of his term, and he'll never come back. However, I don't share the common view of Peffer. Some say he's like a turkey with his lean neck and long legs; others insist—thinking perhaps more of his appetite than his looks—that he resembles a turkey-buzzard. But for myself, he reminds me of nothing so much as a sea-green wolverine."

Ike Hill, the Democratic "whip" of the House—on duty yet, is Hill—paid a special visit to the Senate to form his own personal estimate of Peffer. "He won't do," said Hill when he returned, his stony eye more than usually indurated, "he won't do. His head is built like a quail trap. No man with a head like that will ever rival Webster."

But whether Peffer should do those deeds or no to wrest the wreath from Webster, Gorman knew that he counted for reorganization to the extent of one vote, and Webster himself on that question could have counted for no more. Wherefore, Gorman, always plausible, ever specious, knowing men as sailors know a channel, brought Peffer over to his standards, and in the end tore the Senate from the Republicans with Peffer and his fellow-agrarians.

Lest one should drift to some impression of a mental insufficiency on Peffer's part, it were but justice to come to his rescue with a story. Peffer could say a good thing when the time was fair; and he did, too, although his want of fashion—for some men of the Senate are fashionable while others are not—would limit its circulation by the papers.

It was when Hatch's Anti-Option bill was before the Senate; a vote was being called. The legislatures of both Missouri and Kansas, with that boundless aplomb which is the frequent attribute of legislatures, had by resolutions instructed the Senators from those States to vote "Aye" for the measure. When Vest, himself a vehement "trader in futures," and interested in still nearer ways as a shareholder of the St. Louis Board of Trade, was called on to vote, he arose to a question of privilege. First reciting in mournful tones how the legislature had instructed him to vote "Aye," Vest then on outspread pinion began to soar with the occasion.

"But, Mr. President," cried Vest, "I have my oath and my duty under it as a Senator. I regard this measure as one pernicious in its purpose; it would be unconstitutional should it become a law. I am therefore bound by my oath to vote against it. The legislature of my State cannot instruct me to commit perjury. I will accept defeat, but I will not violate my oath. I say again, no legislature shall instruct me to commit perjury, and I vote 'No' against this bill."

Vest sat down with that air of sombre grandeur which should belong with one who accepts ostracism when it comes with honor and who, rather than be separated from his virtue, will take it with him into exile. It was highly dramatic.

But the situation was to receive a jolt. The saturnine Peffer, who had been absent on the first roll, was called squarely in the wake of Vest's oration. "Mr. President," said Peffer in his saw-filing voice, "the legislature of my State has instructed me to vote 'Aye' for this bill, and since my private interests do not make it perjury for me to do so I desire to be thus recorded."

There was a pause; Allison and other superheated Senators looked toward Vest to see if he would be upon some retort; but the Missourian held stolidly to his chair, and the next moment the Senate swung again into the channel and forged ahead with its affairs.

"BUT THE JUDGE STOPPED HIM IN MID-CAREER"

The Princess Romanova

The Strange Dance that Fortune Led a Boston Cotillon Leader on the Plains of Siberia

BY GEORGE HORTON

—AND EVERY DAY HE LOOKED AT IT

PERHAPS it all happened because she was fair and vivacious and he dark and of a serious turn. At any rate, he had succeeded in creating a sensation among the fashionable Boston set among which he moved until he lost his money. Mrs. "Tom" Ghoram, whose protégé he was, says it reads like a story out of the Arabian Nights; and yet she was the first one of his old friends to give entire credence to the cabled account of the affair. For, as the reader will remember, the mere statement of the principal fact aroused international interest. But we must not anticipate; the details, which have never been told, are as follows:

It began on the deck of an Amur River steamer, bound from Vlagoveshensk for Stretinsk; a stern-wheeler, drawing three feet and a half of water. They had stopped to take on wood for the boilers for the third time that day, the men bringing it, two and two, upon long bars down the steep bank and across the springy plank to the deck. The task completed, the whistle blew loudly to summon the passengers wandering about on the shore, some of them half a mile or so away. They all came, eagerly running, their hands filled with bouquets of the glorious flowers for which Siberia is famed: wild peonies, tiger lilies, and tall lilies of a blood-red hue, great, fragrant roses, wild lilac, priceless orchids of many varieties. The Princess came last, walking leisurely, carrying three long tiger lilies in her hand. The sight of her, and especially her air of imperious nonchalance, in view of the fact that she was keeping the boat waiting, aroused Courtland Hopper from his train of gloomy reflections as he stood there leaning against the rail and looking down from the high deck. The sailors stood ready to pull the plank aboard, the passengers were grumbling in all languages, seemingly, save English, and the fiery little captain, there on the bridge, was biting his nether lip and clenching his fists, but did not say a word. This was an imperial mail steamer and he had his position of the Government; he would have been foolish indeed to affront Romanova, one of the richest heiresses in Russia, and member of a most influential family.

"By Jove, she's a thoroughbred, and a beauty, too!" mused Courtland Hopper, looking at her with sudden interest. She was tall, slender and exquisitely graceful, with a languid movement that somehow suggested cultured restraint. A Russian of the purest type, her complexion was marvelous, and her hair the color of ripe wheat. Her eyes were a laughing blue and her features, though noble, yet were of that Slav type by virtue of which the Russian peasant claims kin with his Czar. She was attired in a traveling costume of light blue and a hat of expensive straw, daintily trimmed with corn-flowers—a Paris confection, by the way—one of those simple, effective creations of which no male man knoweth the price, whether it be seventy-five cents or seventy-five dollars. Over her left shoulder she twirled carelessly a parasol of brilliant hue, imported from Yokohama.

Directly ahead of the Princess puffed frantically a little, fat old woman in black, the chaperon of a German opera singer on her way to Moscow. The little old woman stepped upon the plank and teetered timidly up its precarious incline, a comical figure, antiquely coquettish. The Princess stopped about two feet from the shore end, and, smiling demurely, danced upon tiptoe, balancing herself by means of the gaudy parasol and the long tiger lilies. The result, if one could overlook its slight suggestion of cruelty, was highly satisfactory from a comedy standpoint, as the audience upon the boat enthusiastically testified. The fat, little old lady did not fall off the plank, but her efforts to stay on, and the upward speed which she made despite those efforts, were grotesque in the extreme. She suggested one of those semi-aquatic birds that cannot fly, but yet attain great speed upon land by flapping rudimentary wings. Nor was her voluble indignation, expressed in fluent German and bad Russian when she at last stepped upon the hot metal deck, less diverting. The Romanova flashed one merry glance—a fleeting vision of white teeth and mischievous blue eyes—at her audience and then came fearlessly up the plank, again the graceful and haughty aristocrat.

Hopper had noticed, as no one who travels in Russia can fail to notice, the general high spirits and kittenish gayety of the women, but he had not been prepared for this mischievous outbreak on the part of the Princess. It gave him something to think about besides his own homesickness and general disgust, and lighted a faint hope in his bosom; perhaps, after all, life among these people would not be unendurable. For Frederick Courtland Hopper, of the Courtland-Hoppers, one time cotillon leader and popular club man, had come to Siberia to stay. How he lost his money is no concern of ours here. It's always easy enough to lose money, and there's nothing harder than to get it back. He simply had to begin again, and as he was trained for no profession it would be necessary for him to begin at the bottom. Now, all work is honorable, of course, but it's not pleasant for an ex-cotillon leader and clubman to sell ribbons over a counter or keep books. There was a girl in the question, too, who married another soon after Hopper lost his money. About this time old Franklin Emerson, of the Russian-American Trading Company, came to Boston, a millionaire who had made his money along the Amur, and several of the papers contained interviews with him and accounts of his romantic career. Hopper went to see him. The young man wanted to get as far away as possible and Siberia appealed to him in the matter of distance. He found Mr. Emerson enthusiastic.

"Teeming with opportunities!" he cried. "A great, splendid empire, just opened up. Vast wealth to be had for the taking—princely domains of land, treasures of mineral wealth, lumber, mercantile chances. Any young man is a fool who doesn't go there and go now. It's a new America, waiting to be occupied, but now's the time to go. French, Germans, English are pouring in, and every year diminishes a man's chances of getting in on the ground floor."

Emerson took a liking to young Hopper and the latter went out to Siberia to take a position in the company's new store at Stretinsk. As there were friends in the West to whom he wished to say good-by, he journeyed to Siberia by way of the Pacific Ocean, Japan, Vladivostok, the Amur. And so it happened that he stood to-day on the deck of a little steamer, unhappy, yet bravely determined to make the best of life, watching one of the greatest heiresses in all Russia play a childish prank. The Romanova occupied two of the luxurious cabins in the forward part of the boat, one for herself and one for her maid. There were only six of these cabins, and the Military Governor of Irkutsk occupied three of them, himself in one, his trunks in another, and his Great Dane dog with its attendant in a third. The main body of the passengers, without reference to wealth or social position, were crowded together upon an upper deck beneath an awning. There they preëmpted places to lay down their blankets and slept at night as neatly packed as sardines, or sat about all day rolling cigarettes, playing cards and gossiping in twenty different languages. It was a dappled, conglomerate scene, a medley of strange costumes, bright handkerchiefs tied about feminine heads, long boots, blouses, ribbons of Little Russia, Tartars, Bouriaks, Germans, French, moujiks, Jews—and one American. From the rafters of the awning hung a most extraordinary assortment of personal belongings: cavalry sabres, loaves of black bread, bundles of Chinese arrows from Aigun, boots, bottles, tiny samovars, hams, half-eaten fish, and a few feminine hats resplendent with cheap, gaudy flowers. Every inch, available and unavailable, on roof and floor had been seized. F. Courtland Hopper, ex-cotillon leader, occupied a space two feet wide and six long, between a florid-faced and cheerful German and a Bouriak cavalryman. The German could speak a little comical English. He was returning to Amsterdam from Port Arthur, whither he had taken out a dredger for a Dutch company. He knew one Russian word, "peevo"—beer, and he descended frequently to the bar on the deck below and yelled "Peevo! Peevo!" so loudly that he could be heard all over the ship. The Bouriak, who resembled a cross between a Chinaman and a North American Indian, sat patiently for twenty hours on a stretch looking at the tips of his long cavalry boots. He was returning from a scene of carnage on the Chinese frontier, enough of which had leaked out to horrify the entire civilized world, despite the Russian censorship, and was on his way to receive further orders from the White Czar. While sleeping, Hopper turned his face toward the German.

Among the other passengers were a tea merchant, who had a cargo from China in the hold, which he was moving across the vast continent, for shipment to England; an opera troupe from Vladivostok—pretty Viennese girls for the most part; exiles whose terms were expired; Europeans looking for mines; noisy students on their way to Holy Moscow. From Julius Smulders, the German engineer, Hopper learned who Romanova was, and that the rest of her name was Anna Michaelovna. Smulders obtained this information from one of the Viennese singers, who had learned Russian in Vladivostok. These two talked together for hours, and even sang duets. The girl was coquettish and nearly drove Smulders to desperation, causing him to sigh deeply and exclaim, "I love her very heavy, but she will not much, so what can I do? So I think I drink a little." Whereat he would wade through a sea of heads, plunge down to the bar below and shout "Peevo!"

The incident of the plank and the fat old lady so interested Hopper that he devoted much of his time to watching for the Romanova to appear on the little first-class deck forward, where she walked up and down, attired in cool, bewitching costumes, or talked with the General.

"She would have been in my set a year ago," reflected Hopper. "She seems to have the exact carriage of a chic, up-to-date American girl."

The fact that he was traveling third class made him feel like an emigrant, immeasurably separated from the fair creature over there with the gods. He was in no mood to reflect that the question of funds had not entered into his choice of a third-class passage; that the first-class places on the Government steamers are only obtained by influence, and that one must sometimes wait for weeks to get accommodation. Here he was among the Bouriaks and moujiks, and there was she, the sort of woman he was accustomed to, separated from him by a great gulf.

And patiently the steamer forged ahead through vast stretches of virgin solitude, unutterably lonely; past interminable forests. After many hours they would come to a Cossack village, perched on a bluff, a few square log houses with white window-frames. But this was always on the Siberian side, on the right. On the Manchurian bank there was no sign of human habitation or life, for the dread Russian bear stood growling just across the swift, yellow river and the Chinese had taken their families and vanished. From time to time log rafts drifted past, carrying emigrants with their families, their horses and cattle to the lands in this vast solitude, promised them by their Father, the Czar. Sad, wondering women sat in the doors of the tiny huts built upon the logs, with their children clambering about their knees, while the men stood at the corners with huge paddles guiding the clumsy craft. The cattle loomed large and monstrous in the uncertain light of the evening or the early dawn, as though they were standing upon the surface of the water itself.

Hopper was saddened by the sight of these people, going they knew not where nor to what—going down stream with no hope of ever coming back up. He felt that he, too, was an emigrant.

It was through his skill with the revolver that Courtland Hopper first attracted the attention of the fair Romanova. The steamer had stopped at the foot of a bluff to take on wood, and the passengers learned that there would be a delay of about three hours. Hopper and Smulders went for a long walk in the woods and on their return heard the sound of

shooting. Emerging into the open near the shore they beheld the Russian General shooting at a bottle on a stump, at a distance of about twenty paces. He fired five times and missed, much to the amusement of the Princess, who stood near. In fact, her derisive laughter so irritated the pompous General that he threw the weapon spitefully on the ground and began to explain volubly to his fair tormentor.

"What does he say?" asked the German of the opera singer, who was also one of the spectators, and a moment later he explained to Hopper:

"He says it's an American pistol from Vladivostok, and that it's no good."

Courtland Hopper picked up the weapon and examined it. It was not an expensive model, but a practical arm, of honest blue steel. He tossed it familiarly in his hand and then said to Smulders: "Will you ask our fair interpreter here to present my compliments to the General, and tell him that I am an American and beg the privilege of proving the excellence of this American weapon?"

As the Viennese addressed the General, Hopper lifted his hat gracefully. The Princess clapped her little hands, nodded pleasantly at the American and cried, "Bravo! Bravo!" It was she, evidently, who persuaded the General to reload the weapon and accede to the request.

Now, as usual, there was a group of peasant women standing about, who had come down to the boat, from the Lord knows where, to sell milk. Hopper tossed fifty kopeks upon the earth, and picking up five bottles walked to a log near the stump, where he set them in a row. Then he returned to the group standing about the General and commenced firing. The distance was in reality not great nor the feat difficult for so good a shot. The effect, however, was spectacular, for between the rapid "cracks" of the weapon could be heard the "ching, ching, ching" of the breaking bottles.

Hopper offered the revolver to the General with a polite salute, but the latter generously complimented his marksmanship and begged that he would keep it, adding to the gift the box of cartridges which he produced from a coat pocket. The American was somewhat embarrassed. His pride was averse to the acceptance of the gift, yet he was unable to explain that he meant no offense. He stood offering the pistol to the Russian, while the latter pressed the cartridges upon him. The Princess relieved the situation by taking the cartridges and handing them to Hopper with a beseeching little *mone*. He accepted with a courtly bow, as graceful as though he were saluting a cotillon partner. The Princess responded in kind and walked away on the arm of the Military Governor. The whistle shrieked and they were off again, purring up the broad river. Occasionally a wild duck would arise ahead of them and whiz away, or a goose with long, inquiring neck, writhing to right and left like a snake. Once a huge bear lumbered down upon a spit of sand and looked at them, clumsily curious. The two men, on either side of the prow, sounding by means of stakes attached to ropes, swayed rhythmically as they cast their wooden spears, chanting the depths: "*Chetyré, chetyre-polovena, pyat!*" (Four, four and a half, five!) As often as a down-coming steamer passed, the little captain made a trumpet of his hands and shouted, "How much water is there in the Shilka?"

The disquieting rumor that the water was rapidly falling was gaining confirmation by each report. Once the men with the poles cried "*Tres-polovena*" (three and a half) and the steamer scraped on the bottom. At Pokrovka, a dreary Cossack village near the junction of the Amur and Shilka rivers, they found a smaller mail boat awaiting them that drew but three feet of water. They changed over with a multilingual hullabaloo and a grand scramble for places—all save the Governor, the Princess and the opera singer, who moved leisurely into the first-class cabins like the superior beings that they were. Hopper still clung to Smulders as the most promising material for one wall of his sleeping apartment. For the other, by the way, he could do no better now than to secure the smokestack. They got off at noon and were immediately attacked by an immense drove of flies of the size of small bumblebees and having two fierce projecting tusks, plainly visible. For several hours now Hopper forgot the Princess and even his homesickness. Life contained no possible interest save the repelling of these enthusiastic boarders, as the slightest relaxation of vigilance meant a sharp pain and a nasty sore. At night, however, when the great Siberian moon was shining brightly upon the long silver ribbon of water and the dim, untenanted solitudes, and the faithful engine was breathing softly, like a huge behemoth swimming up the stream, he wondered if she could dance, and if a merchant in Russia had any social standing. Then he would sigh at the reflection that in any case after Stretinsk he should never see her again. The next day they stuck fast on a sand-bank, and a boat's crew carried the anchor far up the river and dropped it, attached to a stout hawser. Then, by means of the windlass, they deliberately warped the steamer loose. At dark of the same day they grounded for good in two and a half feet of water, a few yards below a great tramp steamer firmly imbedded athwart the channel. There was no hope of going either up or down for many days to come. The peasants took the matter philosophically: they would simply live where they were, rent free, buying their bread and milk of the Cossacks. When God saw fit to send water they would go on.

But what would the General do, the Governor of Irkutsk? For, as everybody knew, he must be at his post on a certain date, and the White Czar would not be apt to take the will of God into account. Within two days the General's intentions were made manifest, for his orderly arrived with several long dugouts, each having a mast at the prow. A long rope, fastened at the stern, was passed through a pulley at the top of the mast and the other end attached to a shaggy horse. The Governor's baggage was piled into one of these dugouts

HE CAME SUDDENLY UPON A SIGHT WHICH THRILLED HIM WITH RAGE

and he seated himself comfortably in the midst. A moujik with a paddle occupied the stern, another mounted the horse and they were off, the animal scrambling over the stones by the shore or splashing through the shallow water, while the man with the paddle kept the boat clear of the bank. This is the ancient mode of ascending Russian rivers, the method of "*loshat and lotka*," and two military stations or about thirty miles can thus be made under favorable circumstances, by getting under way at four o'clock in the morning.

To Hopper's consternation the Princess and her maid followed in a second dugout. But there were two more waiting on the bank, their owners hoping that others of the passengers would wish to avail themselves of their use.

"Come on," cried Hopper to Smulders. "Let's follow them. It will be a lark."

"A lark? What's that?"

"A lark? Why, fun, sport."

But Smulders sighed and shook his head, thinking of the fair Viennese. "Ah no," he said, "I care not if it be an eagle. I cannot leaf Chulia. I loaf her too heavy."

Hopper lost no time. By signs he conveyed to one of the sailors that he wished his luggage carried ashore and piled into a dugout. Soon he, too, was seated in the bottom, reclining gracefully against his impediments, his horse scrambling along in the wake of the Princess' *lotka*. It was an exhilarating method of travel, combining novelty with an element of danger productive of excitement. No one tipped over, it is true, but the American considered it a marvel that these narrow pig-troughs with their towering piles of baggage should remain upright for a moment. The voluble wrangle that went on, moreover, between the two moujiks at the extreme ends of the tow-line, and the gurgling of the current rushing past at the rate of six miles an hour, contributed liveliness and even an impression of speed. Sometimes, when the water was shallow, the horses waded a quarter of a mile from shore, with a wide expanse of yellow river on either hand; and if they came to a deep place the little animals plunged boldly in, swimming silently, with nothing but their heads and half of the postilions' bodies above water.

They made but one military station the first day, a large square building, where a samovar is kept always ready for travelers and the sledges that carry the mails over the ice in winter. The old General and the Princess were extremely courteous to Hopper and made him understand by signs that he was welcome. The General's orderly foraged and produced some black bread, some milk and a quantity of delicious fresh caviare of the kind the Russians do not export.

The Princess presided charmingly at the samovar, after which she disappeared for the night. Hopper spread his blankets upon the floor and was soon fast asleep. But he seemed no sooner to have closed his eyes than he was awakened again by the voice of the General shouting at him in Russian. It was only three o'clock, but the place was all a-bustle with preparations for departure. Ere the mists had risen from the river they were again under way, dim as ghosts. Hopper reclined against his luggage and slept deliciously until the sun arose, when he was awakened by the stinging of a cloud of gnats. Sitting upright, he noticed that the *lotka* of the Princess was deserted by its fair passengers. Casting his eyes about, he observed maid and mistress strolling along the Government road that follows the course of the Shilka and that serves itself as the channel for a stream of Cossacks that are being poured into Manchuria. The bank was high at this point and the women were above him, plainly visible in the bright sun. The Romanova, twirling her Japanese parasol upon her shoulder, walked rapidly and with a joyous freedom of motion that testified to her love of the open air.

"I wonder if she plays golf?" mused Hopper, and at that very moment he perceived that he, too, was cramped, sitting there in the boat. He got out, accordingly, and struck out vigorously across a wide stretch of sand deposited during high water. He was some fifteen minutes climbing the steep bank and when he at last reached the road the Princess was nowhere to be seen. Indeed, the road at this point turned sharply away from the river and disappeared around the foot of a hill. Hopper knew, however, that it must wind back to the river, and he therefore followed the wide, dusty trail confidently, although it seemed to plunge into the heart of the wilderness. Once or twice he asked himself why he was walking so rapidly, and each time made answer: "Why, to keep up with my *lotka*, of course." He was too thorough a gentleman to admit to himself that he was pursuing the Princess: he would not have done such a thing on Beacon Street; why should he do it on a Government road in Siberia? At any rate, it would be an indiscreet thing to do, as she would be sure to crush him for his presumption. But he certainly had just as good a right to get out and walk as she. As he was soliloquizing thus and had about come to the conclusion that he was in a fair way of making an ass of himself, he thought he heard a shrill scream in the distance. Listening, with his heart in his mouth, he was sure, for the first cry was followed by others—wild, despairing shrieks, as of a woman in the most excruciating fear.

"Coming! Coming!" shouted Hopper, and feeling in his pocket for the General's American pistol, which, thank God! was there, he ran as he never ran before. Rounding a little turn in the road and a clump of trees he came suddenly upon a sight which thrilled him with rage and sickened him with fear—not for himself, but for the Princess. There she was, struggling in the arms of a big Chinaman, one of those tall, fierce creatures who inhabit the wild regions of Manchuria. The beast had lifted her in his arms and was running toward the woods with her, while another carried the maid. Two other Mongolians, with long war bows in their hands, completed the strange picture. Hopper shouted again, and the four Chinamen wheeled about and regarded him at first with startled malignancy that turned on the instant to amusement. Those four great brutes beheld one rather small, dark man, of dapper appearance despite his week's river travel—a

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American Nights Entertainment

THE SONG THAT SOLD

By Charles Battell Loomis

Author of A Man of Putty, Etc.

THE STRANGE PARTNERSHIP OF THE SEVENTH-FLOOR-BACK TONE HITTER AND THE ADVERTISING MAN WHO WAS THE WHOLE THING

IT WAS on the return trip from the T. M. A. dinner at Syracuse that a demand for a story was made on Tom Chandler. Why it is that when grown men are traveling together and want to have a good time they turn to story telling I do not know, unless it is to prove that at heart they are nothing but children. But that really doesn't need proof, because we all know that the biggest kid at a game of baseball is the old gentleman with the close-clipped sides who howls his head off with delight at a three-bagger. Despite our average solemnity we Americans are children, and children of a pretty decent sort, too, which naturally brings us back to that big child and thorough-going good fellow, Tom Chandler.

After ministering to the necessities of the crowd that sat around him in the easy wicker chairs and assuring Isaac, the ebon-headed darky, that nothing more was needed of him, Tom made himself comfortable in the swiftly but smoothly moving car and struck a few preliminary chords on his organ of speech.

"I don't know anything you haven't heard—unless it's about myself," said he.

The actor looked as if he would like to deliver a discourse on the same topic, but he said nothing, being a man with a strong grip on himself—"reserve force" the critics call it—and Tom plunged into his story without further delay.

"I believe most of you know," said he, "that I began as errand boy in the office of which I am now the Whole Thing and most of my money has been made in advertising, but I once took a flyer in music that—well I might as well tell you all about it, because it goes to show that once in a while a Happy Fluke will net a man more of the Needful than months of Honest Toil, and it also shows that Little Tommy knew too much to follow the Will-o'-the-Wisp any farther after he had succeeded in grabbing the gold off her wings.

"About five years ago, when I first began really to realize that there was big money in the advertising business, there was a poor little chap who lived in the same apartment house that sheltered me. I used to meet him climbing up to his room near the clothes-lines, and he had such a sad face that he interested me and I struck up an acquaintance with him. He was an Artist with a capital A and no mistake—wedded to his Art and pledged against divorce, as my friend George Ade would say. Now, I'm not an authority on music, but that little chap could certainly knock some very fetching tones out of that rattletrap piano of his, and when he was playing you forgot that it only cost him about two dollars per month in the way of rent. Upon my word, if you had shut your eyes you would have imagined that it was that Alma-Tadema piano that Henry Marquand paid $60,000 for.

"It was a rattlebox, all right, for whenever I tried to knock harmony out of it chaos resulted, and I used to think it wasn't worth thirty cents. Possibly it was I who made it look like thirty cents, for I am not a Beethoven a single day in the week.

"The melancholy-eyed musician was not only a pianist but a composer as well, and, as near as I can make out, he believed that he was in the same line as some of the old Harmony Kings who ruled in Europe in the last century, and I am dead sure that as far as externals went he was leading the same kind of life they led. He was up against it morning, noon and night except when he was composing, and then I really believe he was in a suburb of Heaven—just about six miles out and going in as soon as the drawbridge closed.

"He told me that there were four or five musicians in town who believed in him, and who knew that after the sod was nicely knitted over him people would be getting gay with his music, but that for the present every publisher turned down his music so quick that he had given up showing it at all, and just went on composing to keep himself from being miserable.

"Once or twice I staked him to a dinner because he seemed lonesome eating by himself, and anyway, bread isn't half so interesting as a table d'hôte dinner with music. However, I want to say that after the first table d'hôte with music my sad-eyed friend suggested that if there was to be a repetition of the festive affair I cut out the music, as it gave him the Willies to hear it.

"Of course you understand that the languages I am using are my own and not the composer's. He could understand me all right because he came of Proper Americans in the vicinity of Hartford, and in his boyhood—before he became engaged to Music—he had indulged in slang, but now, the boy—he wasn't over twenty-five—was generally too miserable to use anything but the best English and he left the slang to me. But he was on to my curves all right and had a kind of humanness about him that made me sorrier than ever for him. Some of these musicians are dead to the world and to everything but themselves and music, but this chap would laugh when I read him a bit out of Dooley, and I understand he had Stevenson by heart, and he knew good architecture from bad, and used to tell me that some day people would wake up and find that we have buildings right here in New York that would have made a Greek happy for a fortnight.

THE LITTLE COMPOSER FOUND THAT AMONG THE FURNITURE WAS A GRAND PIANO

"One day I took one of little Seventh-Floor-Back's compositions to a musician who is way up in G and I handed it to him to play, telling him that it was a song that my grandmother used to sing when she first landed from Warsaw in 1802, and that I thought it was rubbish, but that maybe he'd like it because it was so old.

"Well, that musician—he was a real lover of music and not a professional critic at all—he played that thing over and over and over, and he said that it might have been composed by a modern of the moderns, that Richard Strauss would have been glad to father it."

"Don't you mean Johann Strauss?" said the actor with a wise look.

"No, I *don't*. I asked *him* that, and he looked at me kind of tired with a Went-Away-Willy look and said, 'Tom, Richard Strauss is the chief apostle of the music of the future,' and then he said that he didn't believe it possible that my grandmother could ever have sung this in 1802.

"So then I told him that, come to think of it, my grandmother wasn't born until 1830 and that she didn't know Old Dan Tucker from Marching Through Georgia, and that this music was by a little starving American composer with a face that would make Russell Sage burst out crying, and a knack with a piano that would make a concert grand out of a melodeon.

"Well, his enthusiasm cooled somewhat, but he still said that it was a very notable piece of music, and that if the young man kept at it long enough he might do something very much worth while, and that if it had really been by Richard Strauss he should be glad to play it in public, but that no one would stand for it as the work of a man living between Third and Fourth Avenues, Borough of Manhattan."

"Hadn't the courage of his convictions, eh?" said the cartoonist, who was the only free silver man in his particular suburb and was proud of his backbone.

"No; few people have," said Tom, flicking the ashes of his cigar all over the waistcoat of the man on his right and then apologizing for it.

"Well, now, I've got to side-track the Dope-Eyed Musician and talk about myself again, and that's always a pleasant task. One day I took it into my head that I could compose a song myself because it seemed to come so easy to my friend. I have a pretty good ear and I can pick out a tune on the piano with any one finger of either hand, including both thumbs, and I found a piece of verse with a catchy line in it and just picked out a tune to it. As soon as I had got it so that I could play it the same three times running I went up six flights and knocked at the door of the composer's room. As good luck would have it he had just finished a piano composition or I might have knocked until I had fox bites on all my knuckles and never got a response. But having got rid of his idea he was lying down on the haircloth-granite sofa that took the place of three chairs and a bed, and when I knocked he said 'Come in.'

"He looked as pale as a ghost and as hungry as a rat, and I found out that he had been at work on his composition for ten hours straight away, and, when you realize that he knew that not a publisher in New York City would touch it and that it was all done to the Glory of God, as my old mother used to say, you'll believe that I felt the little Tone Hitter was something of a hero. And I also thought some thinks about the publishers that would have taken up all the dashes in the font to express.

"But quick, before the wonderful air could escape me, I went to the piano and I said, 'Say, Theodore, you're not the only Beethoven on the block and I want you to hear me make Chopin look like thirty cents.'

"Theodore was always a good-natured chap. (By the way, he was named Theodore Thomas after the orchestra leader; his mother had been a great admirer of Thomas when he had an orchestra in New York and so she saddled his name on her first-born, and was tickled to death when he decided to starve by music.) Well, as I say, he was a good-natured chap, and he actually sat still and let me play my abomination on the piano, and when it was finished he said, with a sort of second-hand smile, 'That is different from both Chopin and Beethoven. It wouldn't have entered their heads to do that.'

"And I told him that I knew *that* was no bouquet from the way it was put up, but if he would set the notes down on paper and then harmonize them so that a no-handed deaf and blind man could play them on sight I'd give him ten dollars.

"Say, boys, it was honest pathetic to see the way his eyes widened when he heard the words Ten Dollars. Gee, the poor chap hadn't supposed there was that much left in the world. In a twinkling he had pushed me from the piano and had played my tune all through without making a mistake, and when he'd finished I said to myself, 'You're all right, Tom Chandler. Maurice Grau will want you to write an opera for the De Reszkes and Madame Sembrich before the winter is over, and you'll have Harry B. Smith begging your music in his four hundred and fifty-fifth libretto. Oh, I tell you I felt like a conservatory, I was throwing so many bouquets at myself. And it was all in his touch, you see.

Editor's Note—This is the second of Mr. Loomis' American Nights. The next will appear in an early number.

"Of course I had a scheme in my head. I wasn't really such a loo-loo as to suppose that I was marching ahead of Mendelssohn, Wagner and Reginald De Koven, the sidewalks lined with the populace, and plutocrats in the Waldorf Astoria waving thousand-dollar bills and crying 'Hurrah for Tom Chandler, the World's Greatest Composer.' I was simply an advertising man with a scheme. I believe that you can place anything from a Uneeda firecracker to a fake actor if you advertise enough. I asked Theodore about how many days it would take him to harmonize my immortal work, and he gave me another of his shopworn smiles, and taking out a pencil and paper he began work at once. Talk about musicians being unbusinesslike! I never saw a man who attended to business like him. Why, the whistle blew six while he was at work, but he never turned a hair, but kept right on, and inside of half an hour he had produced the entire line of goods and spread them out on the keyboard for me. Oh, Motherdearjerusalem, that tune of mine was glorified! It was as if you picked up a bit of dirty, mouse-colored cloud and allowed the escaping sun to saturate it with its rays for a few seconds until it was turned into a rainbow colored palace. I could hear Wagner splashing over the River Styx on his way to tell me that the Chandler-Theodore combine was the best ever, and that if we wouldn't mind taking Tristan and Isolde and not doing a thing to it he would return late that afternoon perfectly happy.

"As soon as the thing was on paper I handed Theodore a ten-dollar bill and then I blew him off to a dinner *without* music. He gave me the address of a music copyist to whom I took the music and the verses and asked him to make me a fair copy

"He was an old, long-haired German on Second Avenue, with a collar that he had begun to wear when Wilhelm moved into that Berlin residence of his, and he had never taken it off out of respect to the Emperor—but he knew good music, all right

"'Dot iss de vairst tune I effer heered, but you haf harmonized it noply,' he said

"The next day I took the music down to Sternmeyer & Meyerstern, the eminent publishers of coon songs

"There was a long line of people waiting to get their songs published, and at every desk in the establishment there sat a broad-jawed tough. I am not much of a heel cooler—one can't afford to be in my business—and so I passed beyond some of those who had been waiting since early morning for an interview, and I beckoned with authority to one of the toughs. He came up, rolling his head from side to side with a 'wotderhell' swagger, and I said, 'I'm a very busy man and I want this piece of music tried by your pianist as soon as possible.

"You see, I knew a little about their ways of doing things, as I helped advertise 'Baby Pulled the Cat to Pieces.'

"'Come in ter-morrer,' said the tough, reaching out for the manuscript.

"'Not on your immortal Sarony,' said I, pulling the music out of his reach. 'In my business there is no such day as *ter-morrer*.' Then, to prevent delay, I showed him my card and it fetched him. Even a publisher of coon songs had heard of my firm, and he said to a younger tough, not over ten, 'Petey, take dis gent's card into Mr Meyerstern an' see dat he gits it, see?'

"In not more than a minute Mr. Meyerstern came out and bowed oilily to me and I returned the bow as quick as I could. I told him straight from the shoulder what was the matter with me and that I was an advertising man who was prepared to cooperate with him in the floating of a song. 'Never mind who wrote it,' I said, 'but let's have your Paderewski entice it from the piano!'

"The only way to get along with these men is to meet them on their own ground. I saw that I had made a hit with him from the way that he kept repeating 'Entice it from the piano.'

We went into a little room partitioned off from the private office of the firm and containing two or three chairs, an upright piano and portraits of celebrated people that you never heard of unless you are interested in coon songs. A short-haired young man in a loud suit was playing the raggedest rag time march I ever heard. He played as well as a mechanical piano, and no matter where he lands he'll be able to earn a living as long as he has those accurate fingers and the muscles in his arms and his sense of rhythm Rapidity and muscle and a correct ear spell a good salary to any man who is tough enough to take with the patrons of the Coney Island resorts, and this young man *was* tough enough.

"He played my tune through without a mistake, but it did not sound as good as when Theodore had played. Meyerstern kept his head swinging to it, and when the young man had finished he called in Sternmeyer, saying, 'Otto, this is for us, sure.'

"The young man at the piano said, 'Der tune's catchy, all right, but der harmony's all wrong.' A conflict of authorities. The German copyist had thought the harmony all right, but the *air* needed ventilating in his opinion. Well, I wasn't unduly elated, as I really hadn't much opinion of the ivory thumper's taste, and I stood ready to back my little composer as against myself every day in the week

'We soon came to terms, and as I am something of a hustler I had them get that song on the market before the end of

(Continued on Page 14)

—"AND I SAID, 'SAY, THEODORE, YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY BEETHOVEN ON THE BLOCK'"

Despotism and Democracy

A Study in Washington Society and Politics

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CHAPTER II

CRANE went back to his rooms, wrote his letter to Governor Sanders and awaited developments.

Nothing happened for more than a week concerning the Senatorship. Meanwhile, he gave up his expensive rooms and with the assistance of a note broker managed to borrow enough money from Peter to pay Paul and to relieve himself from present obligations to one of the gentlemen who had so urgently invited him to commit political hari-kari. He secured quiet quarters in one of the suburbs of Washington, and found that he was quite as comfortable as he had been at his high-priced hotel at about one-fourth the cost

The May days that followed were cool and bright and soft, as May days in Washington often are The called session of Congress and the necessary presence of so many officials and diplomats made the gay town gayer than usual. The whole country was in a mood of exhilaration and self-gratulation which was vividly reflected at Washington. There could be no doubt that Crane's success was real and substantial

Crane hugged himself with satisfaction when he reflected on his escape from being interned in the Senate, forced to remain quiescent during the time that he should have been most active, and finally enter the Senatorial contest, two years ahead, with a reputation which would probably have dwindled as rapidly as it had developed. Instead of that he was in the centre of movement and interest, and even if he could not make a serious effort before the Legislature in January he was in a good strategic position for the Senatorial election two years in advance—in the event that a dark horse should be chosen to succeed Senator Bicknell—and a great deal may happen in two years

The Secretary of State, however, was disappointed in Crane. He proved to be quite as intractable as Thorndyke had been, and with less excuse—for Thorndyke had never been asked to little dinners at the Secretary's house. The Secretary's widowed daughter, Mrs. Hill Smith, murmured once or twice when Crane was under discussion that he was "so very Western," and assumed a rather apologetic tone for having been seen at the play with him

Crane, like everybody else, had really forgotten the Secretary in the press of affairs. He was amazed at not receiving an answer to his letter to Governor Sanders, and so told Thorndyke one night a few days after their meeting at Constance Maitland's house. Crane had a great esteem for Thorndyke's sincerity, which was justified, and Thorndyke in his heart was forced to admire Crane's force and to expect great things of him. He never entertained any serious doubt of Crane's loyalty, but he watched curiously the development of the character of a man exposed to Crane's peculiar temptations. That Crane had both good and bad qualities in great vigor he saw easily enough, but he could not tell which were the fundamentals. Crane was desperately poor, was foolishly proud, was rash and vainglorious, and was destined to shine brilliantly in the world of politics What was to become of such a man? What usually became of such men? It was with these thoughts that Thorndyke at

"I NEVER SAW A BETTER DINNER MAN THAN HUDGINS"

his lodgings, on a warm May night, listened to Crane's account of what had happened to him in the last few days.

He assured Crane that his conduct regarding Governor Sanders and the Senatorship seemed eminently sensible, after deducting the initial folly of it. And his making his first earnest attempt to save money at the very time when it might be expected he would become extravagant inclined Thorndyke to the belief that Crane was, after all, fundamentally honest.

Crane at that very moment suffered from a feeling of conscious guilt. He had begun to practice more than the one virtue of economy. He was practicing several others, but all with a view to his own advantage. One of them was that his wife should come on and visit him during the remainder of the session. She had not been in Washington for five years—not since that first unlucky venture in the Eleventh Street boarding house.

He mentioned to Thorndyke his intention to send for his wife, and had the grace to say that it was because he was lonely without her—and in saying so he was conscious of uttering a colossal lie. But being inexpert as a liar he did badly, and felt ashamed of doing badly even in lying.

Thorndyke, on whom Annette Crane's simple and natural charm had made a strong impression, was pleased at the thought that Crane would pay her the compliment of having her with him and pleased at the thought of seeing her again.

"I shall be going West next week," he said, "and if Mrs. Crane is ready to come to Washington I shall be proud to escort her back."

"Thank you," answered Crane; "it would be a kindness to me as well as to Mrs. Crane. She is not an experienced traveler."

Both Thorndyke and Crane when they were together desired to keep Constance Maitland out of their conversation, but by one of those contradictory and involuntary impulses which cannot be accounted for her name always came up between them. This time it was by Crane's saying, after a while:

"Have you seen Miss Maitland lately?"

"I dined there night before last," answered Thorndyke.

Crane knew that Constance Maitland's favorite form of entertaining was at little dinners, which were perfection in the way of guests and service. He had never been asked to one of them, and thought gloomily that after Constance's very plain speaking to him at their last interview his chance of being invited was thin to attenuation.

"Was that the night that fellow Hudgins from Texas dined there?" asked Crane, who had not taken Constance's sound advice to cultivate reticence.

"Yes, and I never saw a better dinner man than Hudgins nor was ever at a more agreeable dinner."

"Bosh! Hudgins?"

"Yes, Hudgins. The fellow has a quiet manner, a soft voice, and the most delightful and archaic reverence for 'the ladies,' as he calls them. It is like what history tells us of General Sam Houston. Hudgins was a screaming success at the dinner."

Seeing that the account of Hudgins' triumph gave Crane acute discomfort, Thorndyke, lighting a fresh cigar, kept on remorselessly.

"Miss Maitland wanted to ask some really representative man to meet Sir Mark le Poer, a very agreeable and considerable Englishman, one of the permanent under-Secretaries in the British Foreign Office—he is a great friend of hers. He had been gorgeously entertained by all the retired tradespeople who are in the smart set here, but complained that he hadn't met any Americans—they *would* ask all the diplomats to meet him, fellows that bored him to death in Europe and still more so here. It seems that Miss Maitland had heard that the long, thin, soft-voiced Texan was delightful at dinner—so she asked me to bring him to call, and the dinner invitation followed. Besides Sir Mark and Hudgins and myself, there was Cathcart—a navy man—good old New England family, four generations in the navy, traveled man of the world, and flower of civilization. But Hudgins was easily the star of the occasion. There were three other women present besides Miss Maitland, all of them charming women, who know the world and command it; and the way they, as well as the Englishman and the naval officer, fell in love with Hudgins and his soft Texas accent, and his stupendous Texas yarns, and his way of looking at things—well, it was a show."

"Oh, come, Thorndyke—Hudgins!"

"Yes, Hudgins, I tell you. When the time came for the ladies to leave the table none of them wanted to go, and they said so. Then Hudgins rose and said in that inimitable manner of his, which catches the women every time, 'If Miss Maitland would kindly permit it, I'd rather a million times go into the parlor with her and the other ladies than stay out here with these fellows. I can get the society of men and a cigar any day, but it isn't often that I can bask in the presence of ladies like these present.' And the presumptuous dog actually walked off and left us in the lurch—and you can depend upon it, the women liked him better than any of us."

"If women are won by compliments like that any man can win their favor," said Crane crossly.

"My dear fellow, women know vastly more than we do. It wasn't Hudgins' compliments in words that won the women—it was his giving up his cigar and the extra glass of champagne and the society of men that fetched 'em—it was the sincerity of the thing. When we went into the drawing-room Hudgins was sitting on the piano stool telling them some sentimental story about his mother down in Texas when he started out in life, with nothing but the clothes on his back and a six-shooter in his pocket. The women were nearly in tears. As for the rest of us, including Sir Mark le Poer, we simply weren't in it with Hudgins. We stayed until nearly midnight; then the men adjourned to the club, where Hudgins kept us until three o'clock in the morning telling us more yarns about Texas. Sir Mark would hardly let him out of sight, and Hudgins has engaged to spend August with him in Scotland at a splendid place he has near Inverness. That's the way a man with great natural gifts of entertaining and being entertained can get on, if he has a chance."

Crane felt humiliated and disappointed. In all honesty, he could not imagine why he, with his recognized talents, his extreme good looks, his fondness for society, should have no such social triumphs as that long, lean, lanky Texan. He had not grasped the truth that society is a pure democracy, and until a man has abandoned all pretensions to superiority he will not be acceptable in it.

Just then along the dusky street a carriage came rolling. At Thorndyke's door it stopped, a footman descended from the box and assisted Senator Bicknell to alight.

"The Senator has come hunting you up," Thorndyke remarked to Crane. "When a man is anxious enough to see you to come after you, it is generally possible to make your own terms with him."

Crane's backbone was considerably stiffened by this remark of Thorndyke's and then Senator Bicknell walked into the room and greeted Thorndyke and Crane affably. He made an elaborate apology for seeking Crane, but said frankly he wished to discuss some matters of State politics with him.

Thorndyke at once rose to leave the room, but Crane, asking Senator Bicknell if he had any objection to Thorndyke's remaining and the Senator feebly agreeing to it, Thorndyke sat down again to enjoy the scrap. As it was not in his own party he was a perfectly disinterested listener.

"Mr. Crane," began Senator Bicknell in a dulcet voice, "I hardly think you realize what it means to our State organization to introduce discord into it at this time."

It was less than fourteen months before a national convention and the rainbow of a Presidential nomination had arisen upon Senator Bicknell's political horizon. This had happened more than once, but the Senator had never been able, heretofore, to catch the rainbow by the tail—yet, hope springs eternal in the human breast.

To this Crane replied firmly:

"I desire, Senator, to do everything I can to promote harmony in the State organization. It is Governor Sanders who is making trouble, and I shall defend myself from him, and die in the last ditch, if necessary."

Crane was by nature a gladiator, and the prospect of a fight by no means discomposed him.

Senator Bicknell sighed. He had already on his hands nine desperate fights in various parts of the State, and the prospect of a tenth fight, of a triangular nature at that, with two such sluggers as Crane and the Governor of the State, made the Senator's head ache. He looked sadly at Thorndyke and yearned after a knowledge of the secret by which his friend, Senator Standiford, could get hold of a man like Thorndyke, and keep him forever in a subordinate position, while he, Senator Bicknell, was always engaged in a tussle with his lieutenants.

Crane improved the opportunity to explain fully his position; and there could not be the slightest doubt that he had narrowly escaped from a conspiracy meant to ruin him.

A discussion followed which made a very important fact clear: that Crane had suddenly become a factor in State politics. Crane's color deepened as Senator Bicknell made a last effort with him for peace with Sanders, and when it was met with a firm refusal to accept the appointment Senator Bicknell dropped some words which indicated plainly that if forced to choose sides he might be with Crane. For a man who a month before had been obscure this was a vast though silent triumph.

After an hour's talk Senator Bicknell got up and departed. It was well on toward ten o'clock and Crane, too, rose to go. Thorndyke went out with him and they walked together as far as the foot of the hill at Connecticut Avenue. Then Thorndyke turned back, to indulge in a folly which had been his nightly since that first afternoon with Constance Maitland. It was to pass within sight of her house, then to return sick at heart to his own rooms and ask himself if he could be such a fool as to wish her to give up that charming home for lodgings such as he could afford.

Crane presently reached his quarters, a comfortable, suburban house with many verandas, and not unlike his own house at Circleville. On the table in his room lay a parcel, evidently containing photographs. He opened it and took out a photograph of his wife with her two children, Roger and Elizabeth, by her side. The children were handsome—the boy the sturdy, well-made replica of his father, the little girl her mother in miniature; both of them children of whom any father might be proud. As for Annette, the sweetness, the soft, appealing character of her beauty was singularly brought out in the photograph. Nor was there any suspicion of weakness in the face which most men would have fallen in love with on the spot.

But Crane was dissatisfied. She was not a woman even to be talked about. Crane would have liked a woman whose name would be in the newspapers every day. True, Constance Maitland kept out of them all she could, but she was too striking a personality not to attract the attention of the society correspondents. If she had been the wife of a public man she would have been in print as often as he was.

Still, Crane was glad he had sent for his wife. He had not realized until this crisis in his fate had come upon him what a mistake he had made in not having her with him sometimes. Not a man of his acquaintance who owned a wife but had her occasionally in Washington. He began to think with terror of what his enemies might have to say concerning this, and then, going to his table, wrote Annette another letter more urgent than his first, in his desire that she should come to Washington. He mentioned the chance that Thorndyke, who had never failed to show interest in her, had offered to escort her East. He felt like a hero and a martyr while writing this. But after he had posted his letter and had gone back to the balcony of his room and gazed out into the solemn night he had a return of that strange sense of guilt. He felt like a hypocrite; and, as he was not a hypocrite by nature, the feeling was uncomfortable. He put his request to Annette on the same ground he had alleged to Thorndyke—his wish to see her. And he ought to wish to see her—he *did* wish to see her; but the stillness of the night and the presence of the stars is disconcerting sometimes to one's conscience. The stars were very bright and it was wonderfully clear, although the moon was just rising. Tall apartment houses blazing with light made centres of radiance in the purple night. The Washington monolith was like a pillar of cloud, and the dome of the Capitol seemed suspended in mid air. It was all very beautiful, but Crane saw nothing of its beauty. He saw before him only a struggle with stupendous forces—these he feared not—but also a struggle with himself; and this he feared!

He went to bed and slept uneasily. Next morning he rose with the intention of going to church—a thing he had not done for years. And in the practice of this virtue he committed an act of the greatest hypocrisy. He knew the very hour when Hardeman, the correspondent of his home paper, took his Sunday morning stroll on Connecticut Avenue. Crane timed his own appearance so that he met Hardeman directly in front of the Austrian Embassy.

In half a minute afterward Crane mentioned that he was on his way to church.

As he spoke Hardeman took a newspaper out of his pocket and, opening it, held it up before Crane. On the first page, with the most violent display head, was the official announcement of his appointment by Governor Sanders to the unexpired time of the late Senator Brand's term.

Crane turned pale. He was ready for the fight, but the fight had come unexpectedly soon. And that it was to be to the knife, and knife to the hilt, was now perfectly plain.

"Come with me," said he to Hardeman, "and I'll tell you all about it."

They turned back to Dupont Circle, seated themselves on a bench left vacant by a colored brother, and Crane told the whole story to Hardeman to be printed next day.

As he talked his course of action, simple, aboveboard and effective, at once took shape in his mind. He wrote out on a pocket pad a letter to the Governor, saying, as the Governor had thought fit to make the public aware of his action in the Senatorship before communicating with Crane himself, that he, Crane, should do likewise, and make a public declination of it. He then gave a brief statement of what had passed, inserted a copy of his first letter to the Governor and reiterated his refusal to accept the Senatorship. Hardeman, a keen-eyed man, was in the seventh heaven of delight. The letter would, of course, be sent to the Associated Press, but there was "a good story" for the home paper, and a specific mention that Representative Crane was on his way to church when the news was communicated to him.

Crane, still pale, rose and announced that he should keep on to church—a fact also certain to be chronicled. Church was a very good place to think out the problems which would come out of this extraordinary and far-reaching fight.

He went on, sat through a long sermon of which he heard not a word, listened to the musical gymnastics of a high-priced quartette and gradually became himself, or rather, more than himself, for the fight at hand brought out in him all the thews and sinews of courage, foresight and judgment. At the very last, when the name of God was mentioned in the final prayer, Crane had one moment of sincere piety. Otherwise his thoughts were very far from pious, being absolutely those of self-seeking and revenge. Like other men, he promised himself that when Mammon had granted him all he wanted then he would turn to God.

When he found himself on the street again it was a little past twelve o'clock. He turned into the side streets to escape the throng of people going home from church. As he walked under the arcade of the sweet-smelling tulip trees, with the May sunshine filtering through, he felt the ever-present longing for sympathy. He would have liked to go to Constance Maitland, but something in her tone and manner at their last meeting made him afraid.

On that former occasion he had scarcely been master of himself, he did not know when he was offending her, but now he was far more composed. Yet he dared not go.

While these thoughts were passing through his mind he looked up and saw Constance coming down the street under the dappled shadows of the tulip trees. She was dressed simply in black, but Crane had never been more struck by the distinction of her appearance. With her was a fine-looking man whom Crane surmised was Cathcart, the naval man.

Crane intended to pass the pair without stopping, but when he raised his hat Constance halted him. There was that ever-present feeling of pity for him, and she was conscious of having said some hard things to him in that last interview.

"I have glanced at the newspaper this morning," she said, "and I fancy your friend, Governor Sanders, has treated you rather shabbily."

"Very shabbily," replied Crane smiling; "he has driven me to the wall, but he will find me fighting with my back to the wall."

Then Constance introduced her companion, and it was Cathcart, after all.

"You can't expect much sympathy from me, Mr. Crane," said Cathcart smiling. "If it had not been for you and your colleagues I might have been in command of a ship at this moment, making a run for the Caribbean Sea. You did us naval men a bad turn by forcing those beggars to back down without striking a blow."

Cathcart, like all naval men, was eager to play the great game of war with the new implements lately acquired, and did not welcome the exercise of peaceful power which had forced an amicable arrangement of a dangerous question.

Just then a handsome victoria drew up at the sidewalk. In it sat Mrs. Hill Smith, the widowed daughter of the Secretary of State, and a beautifully dressed, high-bred looking girl, Eleanor Baldwin. Baldwin, *père*, whose cards read, "Mr. James Brentwood Baldwin," was the successful inventor of a machine for stitching shoes, which had brought him a great fortune early in life, and had enabled him to establish himself in Washington and adopt the rôle of a gentleman of leisure and of inherited fortune. His daughter looked like the younger sister of Lady Clara Vere de Vere, as Mrs. Hill-Smith, Cap'n Josh Slater's granddaughter, looked like Lady Clara Vere de Vere herself.

"IT IS GOVERNOR SANDERS WHO IS MAKING TROUBLE"

Mrs. Hill-Smith beckoned to Constance, who approached, leaving the two men a little distance away, talking together under the overhanging branches of the tulip trees.

"My dear girl," said Mrs. Hill Smith, who had adopted the "dear girl" mode of addressing all women like herself over thirty-five, "you must come to the meeting of the Guild for Superannuated Governesses which is to be organized at my house to-morrow. It is a branch of the one presided over in London by the Princess Christian"—and Mrs. Hill-Smith ran over glibly a number of names of ladies of the diplomatic corps in Washington who were interested in it, winding up with, "And we *can't* get on without you."

Constance Maitland's full gaze had in it power over women as well as over men, and Mrs. Hill-Smith was not quite certain whether there was a laugh or not in Constance's deep, dark eyes, as turning them on her she replied:

"Very well—but my first proposition will be revolutionary, I warn you. I shall suggest that we pay governesses enough to enable them to save something, and thus we can get hold of the economic problem by the head instead of by the tail."

Was she really in earnest? Mrs. Hill-Smith did not know, but there was certainly a flippancy in Constance's tone which shocked both Mrs. Hill-Smith and Miss Baldwin. The serious, hard-working women by whom they were mothered and grandmothered had given them a deadly seriousness and energy in the pursuit of social schemes and pleasures, just as their forebears had industriously and seriously washed and baked and brewed.

Mrs. Hill-Smith was so annoyed by Constance's manner of receiving her communication that if Constance had not been very intimate at the British Embassy Mrs. Hill-Smith would have made her displeasure felt. But she was constitutionally timid, like all social newcomers—timid in admitting people into her circle, and timid in turning them out—so she merely smiled brightly and said as they drove off:

"You'll come like a dear, and be as revolutionary as you please. Good by."

Constance, with her two men, lingered a minute, and then Crane left her. He yearned for his stenographer, and set out to seek him. Cathcart walked home with Constance and left her at her door. She was malicious enough to describe to him some of Mrs. Hill-Smith's charities, at which Cathcart was in an ecstasy of amusement.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Hill-Smith went home with Eleanor Baldwin to what they called breakfast, but most Americans call luncheon. On the way the two women had discussed Constance Maitland cautiously—each afraid to let on to the other what she really thought—because, after all, Constance was intimate at the British Embassy.

Arrived at the Baldwin house—an imposing white stone mansion with twenty-five bedrooms for a family of four, of whom one was a boy at school, a family which never had a visitor overnight—Eleanor led the way to the library where her father sat.

It was a great, high-ceiled, cool room, dark in spite of many windows and a glass door opening on a balcony. At a library table near the glass door sat Mr. James Brentwood Baldwin, alias Jim Baldwin, and on the balcony outside sat Mrs. James Brentwood Baldwin, née Hogan.

It was easy to see whence Eleanor Baldwin had got her beauty. Jim Baldwin was handsome, Nora Hogan Baldwin was handsomer.

From the days when Jim Baldwin had carried home parcels of tea and buckets of butter in his future father-in-law's corner grocery he had cherished an honorable ambition to have a great big library full of books. In the course of time, through the operations of the shoe-stitching machine, he had been able to gratify this ambition and taste. He had all of those books which Charles Lamb declares "are no books—that is, all the books which no gentleman's library should be without." They were all bound sumptuously in calf, and editions de luxe were as common as flies in a baker's shop. The four vast walls were lined with these treasures, and from them Baldwin derived an excess of pleasure. This was not by reading them—he had never read a book in his life. Two Chicago newspapers, one from New York, and the Washington morning and evening journals satisfied his cravings for knowledge. But he got from the outside of his books all the pleasure that most people get from the inside. He justly felt that to be seen surrounded by the glorious company of the living who died a thousand years ago, and the conspicuous dead who live to-day, was to give him dignity and poise. Nobody but himself knew that he never read. His days were spent in his library—he always spoke of himself as "among my books," and shrewd, sharp and keen as he was and ever must remain, he had actually succeeded in bamboozling himself into the notion that he was a person of "literary tastes."

Mrs. Baldwin was one of the handsomest women in Washington, and considered quite the proudest. Her abundant gray hair, setting off a face of Greek beauty, gave her a look as of a queen in the days of powder and patches. She had a rarity of speech, a way of looking straight ahead of her, which were regal. But this exterior of pride was really a result of the sincerest bashfulness and reserve. When Nora Hogan, the grocer's daughter, had married Jim Baldwin, the contractor's son, Fortune was already smiling on Jim. Then suddenly she opened her apron and deluged him with gold. Mrs. Baldwin was frightened and stunned. She was afraid to say much for fear she might make mistakes—so she gradually came to saying nothing at all. She dreaded to look from side to side for fear she might find some one laughing at her. So she always looked straight ahead of her. By degrees she acquired a degree of coldness, of stiffness, that was perfectly well suited to the mother of Lady Clara Vere de Vere. She was, of course, an unhappy woman, being a misjudged one. Her chief solace lay in the practice of secret acts of charity among the poorest of the poor, not letting her left hand know what her right hand did. The promoters of fashionable charities complained that Mrs. Baldwin was so stately and so unsympathetic that they could not get on with her in charitable work. True it is that at the meetings for fashionable charities Mrs. Baldwin would be more silent, more queenly than ever, but her heart would be crying aloud for the poor who are born to suffer and to die, and to help them she would cheerfully have given the very clothes off her back. But cowardice kept her silent, as it kept her silent in the presence of her servants, whom she feared inexpressibly.

If Mrs. Baldwin was constitutionally timid, not so Eleanor. All the courage of her father had gone into his willowy, beautiful, well-groomed daughter. Her first recollections were of the inland town where they lived secluded in their big house, because nobody was good enough for them to associate with after their fortune was made. Then she was taken to Europe and returned a finished product, with no more notion of what the word "American" meant than if she had been a daughter of the Hapsburgs. As a compromise between Europe and America Baldwin had pitched upon Washington as a place of residence. His social status had been agreeably fixed by a lucky accident—he had been asked to be pallbearer for a foreign Minister who died in Washington. Baldwin rightly considered the dead diplomat worth, to him, all the live ones going—for, having assisted in carrying the dead man from the Legation to the hearse, Baldwin was, in consequence, elected to the swell club, asked to the smart cotillon, and made more headway in a month in the smart set than he could have made otherwise in a year. He repaired his debt to the dead diplomat by buying some very ordinary pictures at the sale of the Minister's effects, and paying the most extravagant price ever heard of for them.

To Eleanor their social rise was nothing surprising. She expected it, having been bred like a young princess, only with less of democracy than real princesses are bred. When she entered the room with Mrs. Hill Smith, Baldwin rose and responded smilingly to Mrs. Hill-Smith's remark:

"Here you are, as usual, among your books."

"Yes—as usual, among my books. I dare say your father, the Secretary, spends a good deal of time among *his* books."

"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Hill-Smith airily, "but he has been dreadfully put out of late. Congress has been so troublesome. I don't know exactly how, but it has annoyed papa extremely."

"Very reprehensible," said Baldwin earnestly, who had the opinion of the average commercial man that Congress is a machine to create prosperity, or its reverse, and if prosperity is not created Congressmen are blamed fools.

"I *hate* Congressmen—except a few from New York," said Eleanor, drawing off her gloves daintily. "There was one talking with Miss Maitland when we stopped her on the street just now. The creature was introduced to me at one of those queer Southern houses where they introduce people without asking permission first, and ever since then the man has tried to talk to me whenever we meet. But I really couldn't stand him. This morning I cut him dead. His name is Crane, and he's from somewhere in the West."

Now, it happened that there was another Crane in the House from the West, and Baldwin had a business motive for wishing to cultivate this particular Crane—and business was business still with Jim Baldwin. So, at Eleanor's words, he turned on her. His air of scholar-and-gentleman, man-of-the-world, and person-of-inherited-leisure suddenly dropped from him; he was once more Jim Baldwin, the shoe stitching-machine man.

"Then let me tell you," he said authoritatively, "you made a big mistake. That man Crane is on the Committee on Manufactures, and we have been arguing with him, and sending the most expensive men we have to prove to him that we are entitled to the same rebate on the platinum used in our machines as The Oshkosh Shoe Stitching Machine people get—and I have reason to know that Crane is the man standing in the way. I wish you had snuggled right up to him."

Eleanor surveyed her father with cold displeasure. Mrs. Hill-Smith was politely oblivious, especially of the word

(Continued on Page 14)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET PHILADELPHIA

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Subscription Two Dollars the Year
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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ No clouds, no rain; no rain, no crops.

¶ Avoid the luxury that becomes a necessity.

¶ The bachelor girl is the old maid in a new edition.

¶ A thing of beauty is a joy as long as she can look young

¶ It is well to put off until to-morrow what you ought not to do at all

¶ The man who is his own worst enemy generally loves his enemy

¶ The devil may have his faults, but procrastination is not one of them

¶ A father is fonder of a strapping boy than a son is of a strapping father.

¶ It is only the parrot that is valued for how it talks rather than for what it says.

¶ There are lots of people who are just about as superfluous as a tin can tied to a yellow dog's tail

¶ Many persons never find the business they like because they want the business to do all the liking

¶ When we reach a certain age we begin to wonder at the enthusiasm children display over their birthdays.

¶ There are much more eloquent indications of the ragged edge of despair than the fringe around the bottom of a man's trousers.

¶ Nature gives the poor an appetite that they may like what they eat. The rich do not need one as they can eat what they like.

¶ The sober-hued turkey is a more valuable fowl than the gaudy peacock. Beauty is only skin deep, while edibility extends to the bone.

The Kindergarten for Parents

CAPTAIN X, of one of the largest ocean steamers, said recently: "I never make a voyage without being struck by the overindulgence of American parents of the well-to-do classes. They make only the feeblest attempts to discipline their children and encourage them in every breach of manners and of the laws of health and conduct. On my last voyage there was a boy of eleven whom his parents permitted to eat and drink precisely what they did; to interrupt them and order them about. He began dinner every night with a handful of nuts; he drank claret and champagne; he was up early, yet was on deck as late as the latest. His father said to me: 'His mother and I feel that we owe it to him to make him happy. As children we were both handled strictly and severely, and we resolved that we would not give our children the memories of childhood and of our parents that we have.'"

After due allowance for the difference between American and European ideals of manhood and womanhood, it must still be admitted that there is much justice in this English sea-captain's criticism. And the last sentence of the preposterous parent's remarks to him explains many and many an amazing case of what he attacks. Of the volumes that could be written on "man's inhumanity to man," the thickest and most heart-rending would be that on the sufferings of children through the mistaken notions of grown people as to child nature and child discipline. Children have been almost universally misunderstood, have been in all times and places punished instead of corrected, have paid unjust penalties for innocently following the instincts of heredity and the example inadvertently set them by their very human parents.

Of late, in America there has been a sudden burst of repentance and regret, a sharp swing of the pendulum from the extreme of sternness to the extreme of softness. And no doubt this has been expedited by the American passion which is responsible for the best of our good fortune and the worst of our woes—our passion for the sentiment expressed in Walt Whitman's advice to us—"Obey little; resist much!"

We do not want English or German discipline of children introduced here—we are not in the business of manufacturing either subjects for kings or "cannon food." What we want is sovereign men and sovereign women. The two main attributes of that sovereignty are:

Self-respect.

Self-control

Beating children will not produce these qualities, nor will bullying them. On the other hand, license is fatal to any proper self-respect, is inevitably fatal to any sort of self-control whatsoever. On paper and in theory it is very easy to draw the line between license and liberty, between the discipline that will develop and the discipline that will degrade. In practice it is by no means easy—not because children are difficult to teach, for they are easy to teach; but because so few of us frail, halting human beings have proper working conceptions of self-respect and self-control.

But it is possible, though perhaps difficult, for a parent to develop himself to the point where he can teach his child—it must be largely by example—to set a high standard of self-respect, and to try to help his child to the self-control which living up to that standard calls for. It is certainly possible not to breed fear in a child's mind. A child that fears its parents is in the beginnings of lying and cowardice.

A child that has been beaten is a child that has been brutalized. And as for the parent who gives the beating, does he, or she, never think how it came to pass that a being absolutely under his, or her, control needs to be degraded with a whipping; does he, or she, never think what must be the nature of his own manhood, or of her own womanhood, when its highest conception of correction is physical torture?

Beating and bullying teach only deception—is it not generally conceded that there is no moral turpitude in deceiving a tyrant who takes advantage of helplessness to torture?

Perhaps, on the whole, the best way to teach a child self-respect and self-reliance is never to do before it anything which one would not be perfectly willing for it to do. Does that mean self-sacrifice? Does that mean cutting off one's own pet self indulgence? Undoubtedly. But, of course, all parents will gladly do this. They are always assuring everybody that they live chiefly for their children, that they love them, that their highest ambition is to see them grow to sound manhood and womanhood. It will be all joy to them to suppress in themselves the angry word, the inconsiderate action, the bad habit which they would have to punish severely in their beloved offspring should it "do as papa and mamma *do*" and not as papa and mamma *say*.

Parents can learn as much about themselves from their children as they can about their faces from a mirror. If the image is repellent, is the mirror to blame?

The Fatal Plunge

A VEHEMENT controversy has been going on lately between some of our contemporaries as to the relative cost of living in different American cities. The newly-married couple with a small income are the objects of this anxious solicitude. Details of information are lavishly poured out upon them. They are assured that they can rent a whole house in Philadelphia for the cost of a tiny flat in New York; but on the other hand, New York will give them ready-made clothes for a song; Chicago will sell them meat at a reduction of three cents a pound; in Baltimore shell fish are almost as cheap as air, while in Boston, food, rents, gas and fuel mount to an impossible height—only books are free.

Tens of thousands of young married folk—or young folk who want to marry and dare not make the fatal plunge—are no doubt studying these price lists with bated breath to-day. But, after all, it is not the price of flats, or butter, or coal that will determine their future expenses, but a fact much more subtle and important: the Public Opinion, the unwritten law of the community in which they elect to make their home. That is a bodiless ruler which controls all of us, whether we know it or not. It regulates our outlay, our behavior, and sooner or later, our lives.

In one city money is the gauge by which each man is rated. Has he millions, a comfortable salary or nothing? Then is he noble, respectable, or of no more account than the brutes. No matter what the income of our young couple may be they will always be wretched there, because it is not bigger.

In another town, if they can claim some old soldier at Valley Forge as a grandfather, they may live over a baker's shop and give dinners of mutton hash; they still will rank among the ruling class.

The challenge at the gates of still another American town is—"What have you done?" If our beginners can write a book, or paint a picture or start a new religion, or a new doubt of the old religion, they will have friends and applause enough to warm and feed them.

Every American village and every clique in a village has its unpublished law as to the quality which constitutes the "better class" and the scale of outlay proper for that class, and it is this which should decide our beginners in the choice of a home rather than the current price of mutton or potatoes.

It is a curious fact that most young married couples try to push their way into a neighborhood of richer and more pretentious people than themselves. Tom is a scholarly fellow and Jessie has a good ear and a fine touch in her music. Why should they choose to live among people who value their songs or clever talk no higher than the tricks of animals, but who value them by the cost of their clothes or their dinners? Why not find friends at the outset among their own kind? Why should Tom struggle to visit and keep pace with millionaires and so bring on himself the ridicule of his neighbors now, and paresis in his old age? He probably never can buy a yacht for his son or a poor earl for his daughter. Then let him keep out of sight of yachts and earls and so command comfort and peace in his life at the outset.

Some of our modern preachers urge us to consort with millionaires while we live a simple life. St. Francis, they tell us, trampled his rich clothes under foot in the face of the nobles, and Epictetus, in the midst of the glories of the court, rejoiced loudly that his soul was above these things.

If there be a St. Francis or an Epictetus among us let him carry his message to Newport or to Fifth Avenue.

But for the rank and file of us it will be wiser to live in the shade and keep out of temptation.

An Important Baby

MOST Americans would be astonished if told that the birth of an heir to any European throne was of any great importance to this country; and yet the future of the United States, the future of the Monroe Doctrine, and the future of South America may be very seriously affected by the failure of the young Queen of Holland to have issue.

The heir to the throne of Holland, in the eventuality of the Queen dying without issue, would be a German Prince, who, though he would be obliged to swear allegiance to the Dutch Constitution and must promise to protect the independence of the Netherlands, would nevertheless be strongly German in sympathy, and therefore could hardly be expected to make a very sturdy battle against any attempt of the German Emperor to possess himself of the little Kingdom. That Germany wants Holland every one knows, and that the other Powers would hardly be likely to interfere very seriously if Berlin found some excuse for gobbling her up is also very near a certainty. If France protested she might be allowed to annex Belgium. Russia and Austria, of course, would not take a hand in the matter, as it is too remote from their spheres of influence and interests, and England alone is hardly likely to undertake a war over Holland with Germany.

If Holland should pass to Germany of course her colonies would go with the mother country, and the German Emperor would have acquired by means that it would be impossible to prevent, or even to protest against, the much-desired territory in this hemisphere. Dutch Guiana is an immense territory in itself, but of more importance yet are the Dutch islands in the Caribbean Sea, especially Curaçoa

It cannot be doubted that, with that island and its two or three Dutch neighbors in his possession, the German Emperor or his successors would at once fortify them strongly, and would make them the headquarters for a West Indian fleet which would be a continual menace to the Inter-Oceanic Canal, and a constant cause of irritation to the United States. Troops could be landed not only on the island but on the Dutch mainland as well, and the independence of Brazil would be continually menaced. If the Germans, who now number 400,000 in Brazil, should start a revolt against the Brazilian Government the German troops would be at hand to help them, and would have both a nearer and a better base of supplies than the United States

It is clear, therefore, that it is a matter of no little concern to Americans that there should be a Dutch heir to the Dutch throne, so that all danger of the Dutch American colonies passing to German control may disappear.

The Business Side of Cup Racing

THE BUILDING OF A DEFENDER HAS BECOME A VERY SCIENTIFIC, UNEMOTIONAL AFFAIR CARRIED OUT AT GREAT COST WITH GREAT PRECISION AND WITH THE UTMOST SECRECY

BY WINFIELD M. THOMPSON

ONE often hears the principle laid down that business methods should not be applied to a gentleman's sport, yet the highest development of the leading sport of the day—racing yachts for the America's cup—has been attained along the lines of careful business organization.

Under existing conditions the America's cup is defended by a syndicate of business men with ample means, who, as soon as a challenge is received, voluntarily subscribe sufficient money to build and equip a proper vessel for the defense, and keep her in commission throughout the racing season. None of these men need know the rudiments of sailing a vessel, for their responsibility ceases when they have written checks sufficiently large to cover all contingencies of the defense. Their money acts for them as soon as it is placed to the order of the specialist, and they never know the sentiment and pleasure that thrilled the old-time yachtsman when paying for the vessel in which he dreamed of cruising, entertaining, and perhaps racing, as chance came; for the business methods of the day have put sentiment to flight in cup racing, so far as it may be held by financially interested individuals.

Whatever sentiment clings to the defense of the cup pertains no more to one citizen than another, and the man who pays for a boat can lay claim to no more of it than the urchin in the street; while his enjoyment may be dulled, if he is of nervous temperament, by the fear that defeat may come through some shortcoming in the elaborate arrangements that must be made for the match.

As in every highly specialized field of effort, the business of racing for the defense of the cup must be in the hands of one master. The man capable of assuming leadership in this field is in the highest sense an expert. By courtesy he is an amateur, or Corinthian yachtsman, as he receives no fixed sum for his services; but in fact he is an expert at defending the America's cup, and is recognized by the public solely in this connection. His ability does not lie in skill in sailing the cup yacht, for he is not called upon to do that, but in organizing a crew and "getting everything out of them"; a man of iron will and great energy, known aboard ship as a "driver," and distinguished in the racing field for allowing nothing to come between him and his chance of victory. He is fully conscious that the difference between victory and defeat may lie in some minor detail of arrangement, and he makes himself and all his men slaves to the need of preparedness. He is not there for health or pleasure, but to keep the cup for his syndicate and his club. If his crew prove better in concerted action, and win a close race—perhaps the deciding one in a series—by expeditious and careful handling of sails, their work is his reward of merit with the men for whom he acts, and a hard-earned tribute to his ability as an organizer. He has trained his men according to special rules of conduct applying to cup racing, and not according to the older canons of seamanship. He has drilled each man to consider himself a part of the whole, while performing unquestioningly the duties of his special post without considering what his neighbor may be doing, except as it affects his own work.

No Room for Sentiment or Chance

IN THE preparation of a yacht to race for the America's cup nothing is left to sentiment, impulse or chance. The proposition rests on business principles throughout. Only the famous designer known to have produced winners in the past is intrusted with an order to build a vessel intended for the defense. Other designers may yearn for an opportunity to show the world their genius, but it would not be safe to give them a chance. Their boat might lose.

The famous designer has the confidence of the syndicate to such a degree that he is not asked to show the lines of his boat. They are quite sure to be as good as could be produced; and if they are not, the syndicate has the benefit of a businesslike reservation that its defending yacht need not be named until the week before the date set for the first race, while the challenger must have committed himself to sail only with the boat named in his challenge sent ten months before the event. Thus, as an example, the yacht Constitution was designed in 1901 to sail against Shamrock II. She did not prove satisfactory, and Columbia, which defended the cup in 1899, was again used as the defending vessel. On the other hand, the challenger's vessel proved in her trials to be of doubtful powers in construction and design; but the challenger was obliged to sail the races with her, as he did not enjoy the privilege of making a change.

In this connection it may be said that the failure of Constitution was charged largely to lack of training of the crew and absence of decision in handling; a charge, in effect, that her manager was not sufficiently expert at the business of developing speed in a cup-racing machine. The same conditions were held also to have affected the fortunes of the challenger.

As the craft used in racing for the America's cup represent the limit to which yacht designing and construction have been carried, it is but logical that their production should be a special industry. Among all the ship building plants of the world there are scarce a half dozen that could satisfy the demands made on the industry by the construction of a cup-racing yacht; while in the designing field are but three men who in the past decade have had a chance to show their powers in this branch of design. There is in these facts ample evidence of the specialization existing in the sport of cup racing.

Twenty years have wrought as great a change in this line of industry as in any in our rapidly growing country. In 1881 the order was given by the flag-officers of the New York Yacht Club for the first vessel to be specially constructed as a defender of the America's cup. Her builder was David Kirby, of Rye, New York, who worked out his models by the old time method of rule-of-thumb plus experience, and then built the craft himself, in the light of day, shaping her timbers from such honest wood that the yacht, called Pocahontas, is alive to-day and giving good service. That she was rejected for the defense showed she represented the end of an epoch, for the yacht which displaced her, Mischief, was built of iron, from lines drawn by A. Cary Smith, now dean of American naval architects.

In these days yachts are designed and built after the methods of the magician in producing a rabbit from his hat. All the labors of the designer, who in the case of recent defending yachts has been also the builder, have been secret. He is a man of mystery, a wizard working in his hidden chamber, and he recognizes the right of none, even the men who pay for his boats, to see the lines from which his racers are built. Sentiment does not rule him. He owes the sport of yachting nothing. He is moved by no desire to give the world the fruits of his genius, except in concrete form, for racing purposes, at very high prices. He represents the business spirit of the age as applied to the sport of yachting.

The old days when the builder set up his vessel's timbers in his open yard by sea or sound, and friendly critics came from far and near to view them and to add a word of cheer or a well-meant suggestion, are far away indeed. The builder of to-day knows, before a blow is struck on his vessel, how she will look when in the water, and to what line on her hull she will float. Her weight has been calculated to a pound. Her displacement and its distribution, her probable resistance when under sail—all have been set down in advance, in accordance with the demands of modern business methods.

When the boat is launched the results obtained by such methods is witnessed in her appearance. Everything in her hull and rig has been designed to obtain lightness of construction combined with sufficient strength to carry a great spread of sail. The plates of her hull, made from a composition of metals manufactured by a secret process for this special purpose, are no thicker than a dinner plate. She has no bulwarks or rails, as sea-going craft have. Her deck is of thin aluminum, covered with canvas or cork to give the men a foothold. A sharp marlinspike dropped the distance of three feet would pierce it.

The towering spars of a cup racer are hollow, built of thin steel plates over truss work of steel. Such spars have the merit of lightness, but can be used only for racing. When a yacht crosses the ocean, as in the case of the challenger, her tall racing mast is shipped by steamer to the yacht's destination.

The majority of the lighter spars on a racing yacht are made of wood, except the main-boom, which is of steel. The use of hollow wood spars is a direct result of the demands of the day for lightness aloft, and their manufacture is a special business, practically controlled by one American firm. The wood used is the lightest pine, a spar being made of two or more hollowed parts glued together and shaped.

Costly Sails of a Special Weave

IN KEEPING with hollow spars are the cup yacht's racing sails, which are made of "special yacht duck," a fabric manufactured from a particular kind of cotton, and woven in a particular kind of way. One American firm enjoys the distinction of making the best American racing sails, and this distinction has been gained through developing the business along special lines. The senior member of the firm, for example, learned the business of weaving cotton duck in order to produce a fabric suitable for the exacting requirements of large racing yachts. He experimented with many kinds of duck before finding one that stood the test of severe usage in racing. Egyptian and sea-island cotton, ramie and other fibres were used and discarded, but at last a cotton was found that proved satisfactory. The cotton-mill agents at first laughed at the sailmaker who thought he could tell them something about weaving duck. They ceased laughing some time ago, while the special duck of that particular firm has done much toward placing the firm at the head of the business of sailmaking in America. So much for specialization in that particular branch of yachting.

But cotton is not always considered good enough for making light sails for a vessel of the cup class. The ill-starred Independence, of Boston, had a spinnaker made of equal parts of white silk and mercerized sea-island cotton, at a cost of something more than $1700. The sail was never spread.

Great ingenuity is displayed in obtaining lightness and strength in the rigging of a modern racer. Hemp has been entirely displaced by wire of plow steel for standing rigging, while flexible steel is now used for running rigging, such as halyards. The use of steel wire greatly increases the strength of a rig, and reduces resistance to the wind. Wire rigging came into use on American yachts in the early seventies, and the tendency has been to make it lighter with each succeeding season.

When the cup racer is put in commission a period of hard work and worry, that will end only with the races, begins for all hands, from the manager to the last man in the crew. Of necessity the veil of secrecy behind which the boat was built and equipped is now lifted, and the men in charge of the vessel enter upon a sort of stewardship to the public, for the public has a way of considering itself concerned in the races by reason of inalienable proprietary rights in the trophy to be sailed for.

The Flotilla of Caretakers and Tenders

ONE of the first duties of her crew is to see that no harm shall come to the yacht. This necessitates ceaseless vigilance. As the vessel may draw twenty feet of water she cannot be sailed in shallow places, or near sands, rocks or reefs. As she is too fragile in hull and spars to be risked unnecessarily in a seaway, she must not be taken far to sea, nor must she be exposed needlessly to squalls. Hard usage at sea might start her plates at some point in the hull where the strain is great, possibly near the mast-step. This might cause a leak that could not be made tight, and lead to loss of time, endless worry and apprehension, and perhaps defeat.

In harbor the yacht must be anchored always in sheltered places, where tugs with tows of barges cannot come into collision with her, or vagrant coasting vessels foul her. She must have good holding ground in deep water, and some one must be always on watch to see that she rides well to her mooring.

As a cup defender has no living quarters on board for her crew, quarters must be provided for them on an accompanying vessel or tender. This is generally a steamer, and each racing year sees a larger tender procured for the use of the defender's crew. Then a launch is generally employed as a tender to the tender. This craft may belong to one of the syndicate, and be a seventy-foot, high-power boat with a twenty-knot speed.

The yacht's tender must be fitted with sleeping and victualing accommodations for the crew, enlarged space for cooks and stewards, and a clear space for extra spars, sails and fittings that cannot be carried on the yacht. Sometimes, if the tender is comparatively small, the spars are carried on a lighter, which must be towed about by a tug. This increases the number of vessels in the yacht's entourage to four; while in the case of one cup racer in recent years no fewer than seven satellites followed in her wake.

The disbursements on account of a cup-racing yacht, for a season, including first cost, are from $200,000 to $150,000. The only authentic statement available of the cost of a vessel of this class was published by Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, owner of the Independence, who showed that the boat cost him $205,000 to build and operate for three months. The money was spent with a lavish hand, but the total reached doubtless was less than that for a cup defender, chiefly because of the high figures at which everything connected with a cup yacht is charged to the syndicate. Constitution was said to have cost her owners $320,000 by the end of her first season. If this were a correct figure, her building and equipping was not without a handsome profit.

For crew the present cup defender carries about forty men, who are paid forty or forty-five dollars a month, with a bonus for each race won. Her sailing master is said to receive $5000 for the season, which is higher than is paid the best of ordinary skippers, from the fact that he is a specialist in sailing vessels of this class. The mate receives about $1500. The manager receives no salary, but is said to have an allowance of $10,000 for expenses, which would appear to be ample.

National pride is not permitted to enter into consideration in selecting the crew of a defender. No one on the yacht need be native born. The crew of Columbia in 1901 was composed of Scandinavians. Her captain, who is again chosen to sail the defender this year, is a Scotchman.

In 1895 a fine glow of patriotism warmed the popular heart when an all-Yankee crew, from Deer Isle, Maine, was chosen to sail on the Defender. The crew was composed of as fine sailors as ever took a turn, but they did not commend themselves to their manager as superior to Scandinavians. "They're too cute, them down-Easters," said a racing skipper. "I'd rather have 'square-heads': you can lick 'em into shape better."

Wherein is shown that in cup racing appreciation of the independence of American seamen, like many another popular sentiment, is made subservient to considerations of organization.

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AMERICAN NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENT

(Concluded from Page 9)

the next week. When it comes to hustling Sternmeyer & Meyerstern are supposed to be pretty quick, but, if I do say it, I had them gasping. I made them get out an edition of fifty thousand at the start with a cover design made by one of my own artists—the fellow who did those stunning posters for the Block Island Road that I showed some of you the other day in my office—and owing to my influence as an advertising man I induced some of the old-line houses to handle the song. I also hired through my representatives small boys who belonged to church choirs in the various big cities of the country. They were trained to stand outside of the matinée houses just about the close of the play and sing the song as a quartette and also to distribute handbills at the same time—and it caught the caramel chewers on the first bounce. Of course the little choristers were voted too sweet for any use and the song sold like hot cakes. Then I took up a column in every one of the leading papers all over the country asking the question, 'Do you sing (never mind what song it was)? If not, why not? It is good for the voice. Indorsed by every one with a throat. For sale at all music stores.'

Not only that, but I induced every orchestra leader in New York to play my song at least twice every evening, and in one fashionable uptown church it was sung as an offertory with religious words, and that started up a rumpus that was worth good money to me. And of course I got them to sing it at Feber and Wields.

"Well, most of you knew at the time how the song took hold, although I haven't mentioned its name, purposely. It went like wild-fire all over the country, and Sousa, who was at the Paris Exposition, played it in that city, and it made quite an impression on the boulevardiers as being pretty good music for Indians. I also secured a French edition of it, and three months from the day I sat down to outdo old Beethoven I had cleared $5(... I had outdone him.

"It goes to show what advertising will do," concluded Tom as he rose from his chair and cleared his throat.

But his auditors did not seem satisfied. "You're not through," said the actor. "What became of the sad-eyed composer?"

Chandler sat down in his chair again and cast his eye around the expectant ones.

"Well, honest," said he, "I attempted to make him accept half of the money but he wouldn't hear of it. And what's more, he wouldn't allow me to advertise his own music as being by the author of the other thing. He acted a good deal like an ass, I thought. He said, 'I must be true to my feelings, Mr. Chandler. Money is a nice thing to have and I wish I could make such a sum by my music, but I would debase my art if I allowed myself to be advertised through such a song as that. You paid me liberally for my hack work and that ends it.'"

"And did that end it?" persisted the actor.

"You bet it didn't. I happened to have a little house up near New Rochelle that was without a tenant. I told Theodore that if he didn't want to make me his enemy for life that he'd have to be its caretaker, and he finally accepted. But that was a good deal to make out of a single song, wasn't it?"

"Chandler, why *don't* you finish your story," asked the clergyman, who was a next-door neighbor of the advertising man and knew him intimately.

"No more to tell," said Chandler.

"Nonsense," said the clergyman. "You haven't any idea of an artistic finish. Well then, I'll tell it."

All eyes were now turned on the clergyman and he went on: "When the little composer moved up to the cottage at New Rochelle he found that among the furniture was a grand piano and a music cabinet for his manuscripts.

And the Parisian house recognized the musical worth in the harmonization of the song and asked Mr. Chandler if they might see more of his work, and he sent in one of Theodore's sonatas for piano and violin, and it was immediately published and performed at one of the Colonne concerts. And of course the Parisian *cachet* gave Theodore a start in America and the publishers tumbled over each other to get hold of his work."

"Yes, but that's Theodore's story; that's not my story," said Tom.

"Well, the whole thing sounds like a fairy story," said the actor, "one of the too-good-to-be-true kind."

"But it *is* true," said Tom; "every word of it except the name of the publishing firm. But what jars me is that I've never had another inspiration."

Despotism and Democracy

(Continued from Page 11)

snuggled." Coming, as she did, of a very old family which dated back to 1860, she felt a certain degree of commiseration for brand new people like the Baldwins, who had not appeared above the social horizon until 1880—twenty years later. But she really liked them, and with a diplomatic instinct inherited from her father she relieved the situation by rising and saying:

"I see dear Mrs. Baldwin on the balcony and must go and speak to her."

And as she flitted through the glass door a deep masculine voice just behind Eleanor said:

"Good-morning, Miss Baldwin."

It was the Honorable Edward George Francis Castlestuart-Stuart, third secretary of the British Embassy, whom Eleanor had asked to breakfast that morning. She grew pale as she rose to greet him—suppose—suppose he had heard that remark about the shoe-stitching machine? And what was more likely? The shoe-stitching machine was the family skeleton, and was usually kept under lock and key. By some occult and malign impulse her father had hauled it out and rattled it in Mrs. Hill-Smith's face, and perhaps it might be known at the British Embassy!

Baldwin himself realized the impropriety of his conduct, and tried to rectify it by saying, with great cordiality, to the Honorable Mr. Castlestuart-Stuart:

"Good-morning—good-morning. Very pleased to see you. You find me, as usual, among my books—my best and oldest friends."

To this Castlestuart-Stuart replied simply, like the honest Briton that he was:

"I hate books."

Baldwin was nearly paralyzed at this, and still more so when the honest Briton quite eagerly went out on the balcony to speak to Mrs. Baldwin. Only the day before in one of his rambles about town he had come upon her getting out of a cab before a poor lodging-house in Southeast Washington, her arms loaded with bundles. A swarm of poor children had run forward to greet her—they evidently knew her well. Her usually cold, statuesque face had been warmed with the sweet light of charity, and a heavenly joy shone in her eyes as in the process of feeding the hungry and visiting the sick.

As Castlestuart-Stuart went out on the balcony and took Mrs. Baldwin's hand cordially she blushed—but not painfully. She, too, had seen him yesterday, and he had managed to convey with that peculiar art of a simple and candid nature that he admired her for what she was doing. Again did she feel this sincere and admiring approval—and was profoundly grateful for it. Castlestuart-Stuart knew perfectly well the history of the family—all the diplomats in Washington know the family history of those who race and chase after them. He remembered hearing Constance Maitland say that "Mrs. Baldwin redeems the whole family." Goodness such as hers could redeem much worse people than the Baldwins, thought Castlestuart-Stuart and he proceeded to be bored by Mrs. Hill-Smith and Eleanor with the best grace in the world. His chief had told him to take what was set before him in a social way, asking no questions for conscience' sake. In the performance of his duty he had dined, breakfasted and lunched with pork, dry goods, whisky, shoes, sewing machines, and every other form of good, honest trade. But the word trade was never so much as mentioned among its beneficiaries—certainly not at the breakfast which was now served.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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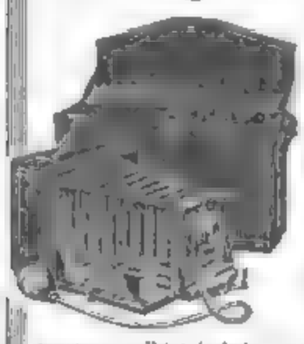

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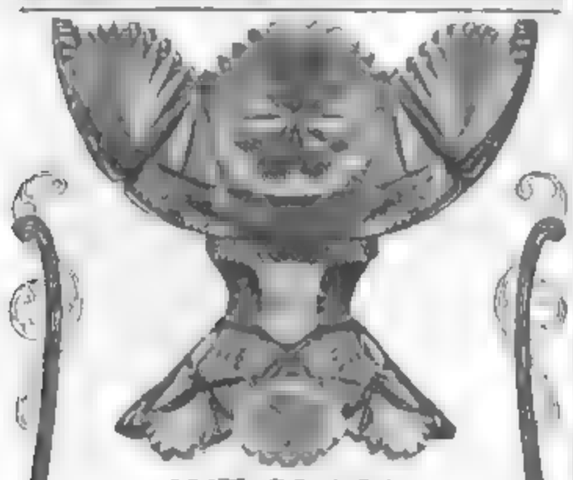

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LITERARY FOLK
Their Ways & Their Work

THE ILLUSTRATOR — He is the newspaper man of painting, and often he suffers from bad assignments

¶ The relation of the illustrator to his text has always been a painful subject. It is admittedly impossible to publish a popular magazine without illustrations, and yet there remains a very large class of readers who judge the likelihood of disappointment in any illustration to be so much greater than the chance of added pleasure that they prefer plain print and their own unaided fancy to very excellent black and whites, and very intricate and more or less successful color work, which conflict with their own and, so they believe, the author's ideals

The author's complaint is that his illustrators are preoccupied with problems which in no way touch his mood or intent — that they see nothing in him but a chance to pose smart young women and sleek young men in attitudes of frozen boredom, or to elaborate structures of technique and composition which may be wholly meritorious in themselves, but which, as examples of illustration, of insight and interpretation, are in no less degree, but only in differing quality, as childish as his friends of the fashion plates. Stevenson has one of his happy phrasings for this protest

"Such numbers of people can do good black and whites, so few can illustrate a story, or apparently read it . . . the great affair is that you" (he was writing to Gordon Browne) "have been to the pains to illustrate my story instead of making conscientious black and whites of people sitting talking"

The illustrator in turn is constantly bewailing the restricted intelligence of authors who, with obstinate disregard of the limitations of all painting and in narrow ignorance of the painter's aim and method, insist on illustrations which are more like explanatory diagrams of the action or printed directions to the reader. The illustrator's profession is no easy one. He is the newspaper man of painting. It is his business to cover murders and merrymakings, weddings and wakes — and to cover them all well. He stands to the world of letters in the same relation that the reporter stands to the world of news. Each has his fact, and between the man and the fact stands for one the managing editor, for the other the art editor — retail dispensers, as it were, of destiny, with an eye to the market and the visible supply. In the mad scramble for copy the reporter does not always get his right assignment. Just as the exigencies of the moment sometimes bring him his chance — the personified entity for which every new man is waiting — so in the revolution of the wheel they bring him his failure, his "fall down" he would call it: or if he sees with equal eye the varying face of Fortune in all her contradictory moods, that is but the other way for saying that he sees all indifferently

So with the illustrator. To take a present instance, Mr. Peter Newell, in his illustrations of Mrs. Freeman's The Wind in the Rose-Bush, is suffering from a bad assignment. The art editor is supposed to see to these things. It is his business as retail dispenser to fulfill the publisher's standing prescription of the right man for the right work — but if Lake is busy Gamboge has to take it; and Gamboge, you may be sure, *will* take it whether he likes it or not, because his connection with his publisher is not a thing to be severed by such slender excuses as preferences, for the publisher also has his preferences. The art editor has his. Between them they settle their differences and little of their quarrel is heard in the land; but what, in the arbitrament of the event, appears clearly enough is that the agreement reached is often based on faulty reasoning.

THE WIND IN THE ROSE-BUSH — Mrs Freeman's book of ghost stories is hurt by inadequate illustration.

¶ Because Mr. Newell has excelled where he had full freedom for his own admitted and individual talent it does not follow that he will excel in a field where it is the author who has full freedom — in, say, Mrs Freeman's ghost stories, the case in hand. Mrs. Freeman's manner is by this time pretty well known to her readers and should be to her publishers. She is sparing in her use of adjectives; her work is chiseled, not colored; she touches only the familiar, the well-worn detail, but she touches it in a way and at a moment to make it glow from the inside with a dramatic intensity which does not need, which would not bear, a more elaborate and ornate treatment. When she comes to these stories of the supernatural it is again the familiar, the long known, commonplace furniture and accidents of housekeeping which change, with ever so slight a shifting, into the sinister, malignant expressions of foreboding and ill-will — a pot which does not smell of what can be seen seething inside, a mirror which does not give back the face that looks into it, a rose bush which rustles when there is no wind. The artist who is to get the horror out of these mutations — all the more horrid that they are wrought out of every-day life — must supply all that Mrs. Freeman leaves out. It is for him to be fluent with light, and portentous with the uncertainty of shadow, to be explicit where the author is suggestive, and suggestive where the author is explicit. And above all, in treating an author who works with such repression, who is so intent on each detail, he should always, as Stevenson recommended, *read his story*. The Miss Feint of The Wind in the Rose Bush is described as a "very large and handsome woman, . . . placid, pink and dimpled, a great, handsome blonde creature." It would be difficult to recognize her in the frontispiece, where she appears large in the sense of being fat — dumpy, dowdy, rather worn, and sour-visaged. Luella Miller in the story of the same name has been a "beauty" with a "long, lovely face" and "a wonderful grace of motion and attitude." "If one of them willows over there on the edge of the brook," says one of the characters who had known her, "could start up, and get its roots free of the ground, and move off, it would go just the way Luella Miller used to." Luella of the picture is hollow-cheeked, thin, pathetic, dank. In the story called The Vacant Lot particular stress is laid on the fact that Mrs. Townsend is "small," physically small. There is a prodigious crash in the house and every mirror from the basement to the attic is shivered with the shock. Mr. Townsend rushes in and asks his wife if she had a fall The question has an absurd, puzzled impossibility about it, born of the man's blind terror, but all inconsequentiality vanishes in the illustration, where it becomes perfectly evident that Mrs. Townsend, had she fallen, would have shivered not only all the mirrors but the very ribs and rafters of the house itself in her descent through successive ceilings to the cellar.

The truth is, Mr. Newell does better where he works at his own bidding; the two best illustrations in The Wind in the Rose-Bush are the two farthest removed from the limitations of the text. His work is too pronounced in its own characteristics to lend itself readily to the promptings of another talent

THE SEARCH FOR A TITLE — The plight of a man confused and hopelessly lost in a forest of signboards.

¶ Now, if some one with Mark Twain's humor and Henry James' subtleties of psychology would record an author's search for a title, benighted, lost in the familiar surroundings of his own creation, he might become immortal at a bound. It is not only difficult to find a good title, but it is often nearly impossible to find a fitting title that has not been used before. The Shakespeare and Biblical concordances, dictionaries of familiar phrases and quotations, and the cumulative indexes of one sort and another have grown dog eared and grimy in the search. Even then the possibility of mistake is not eliminated. We notice among current books Before the Dawn, by Joseph A. Altsheler (Doubleday Page & Co.). Perhaps it may be remembered that Houghton, Mifflin & Co. published a Before the Dawn, by Pimenoff Noble, in 1902. And in one of Messrs. Harper Brothers' monthly publications for April is a short story entitled The Eternal Feminine — a much-worn phrase, to be sure, but one which happens to have been appropriated some time since by Mr Israel Zangwill, who now publishes the short story to which he lent it in a volume called The Grey Wig, brought out this spring by the Macmillans.

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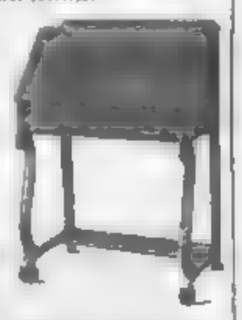

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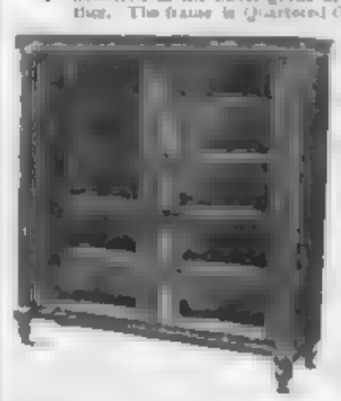

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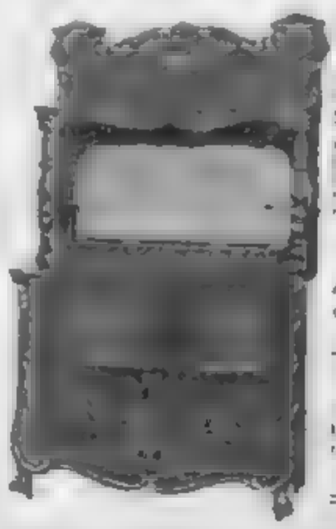

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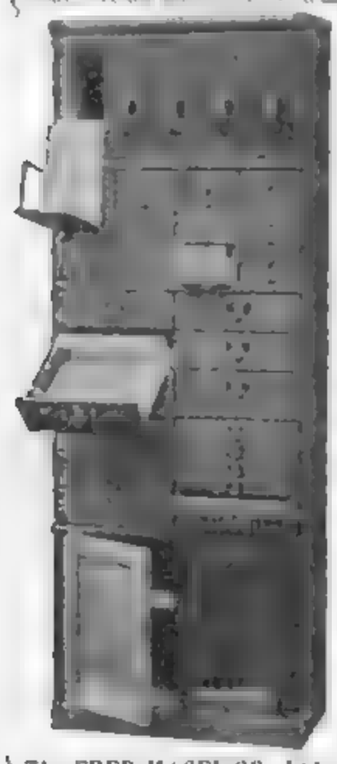

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Durable — Simple
Speedy — Safe

Patented Single Lever Control. The leading Motorcycle of the world. Send stamp for illustrated catalogue to Dept. S.
Agents wanted.
THE MERKEL MFG. CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

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COPIES WHILE YOU WRITE

Simplest and best. Always ready. Use any pen and paper. No press and no trouble. Prevents costly mistakes. Samples of work and full particulars free.
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Oddities & Novelties of Every-Day Science

SOME LONG-LIVED SEEDS — Many unexplained phenomena of germination are being looked into

A STRANGE interment recently took place in a field adjacent to the National Cemetery at Arlington, Virginia. Caskets filled with the seeds of a great variety of plants and trees were lowered into the ground in many gravelike openings.

They were not planted. They were buried. A company of botanists, pathologists, agrostologists and other scientists presided over the unique and puzzling ceremonies.

Once every year one of these "graves" will be opened, a casket disinterred, its contents planted and the ensuing growth watched with scientific interest. Before the last seed casket is exhumed the experimenters who have inaugurated the tests will have long since passed away. In fact, the experiments are to continue for a century or more.

The purpose is to determine the duration of the germinative property of seeds. At present scientists are unable to tell how long seeds retain the life principle. On this topic puzzling requests for information come from various parts of the world.

It is reported that in soil carried into Western valleys by hydraulic operations in the mountains trees of a variety previously unknown either in the mountains or the valley spring up. Where did the seeds come from? Had they lain dormant for years, or perhaps ages, in the earth? The supposition is that they are the survivals of former forests. The theory awakens speculation as to the vitality of seed life.

Often when sod land is broken for cultivation noxious weeds spring up which, so far as the farmer knows, never grew before in that locality. The theory is that the seed lay in the ground for generations, awaiting certain conditions necessary to cause it to germinate.

In a park in Paris a species of *Lathyrus* which had once been abundant disappeared on account of the growing shade of trees. Thirty years from the time of the plant's apparent extinction in that locality the trees were thinned and the leguminous vine reappeared. A more mysterious instance was that of plants of the rush genus *(Juncus bufonius)* making their appearance in earth obtained from a great depth in an excavation in Paris. In another section of France, on the banks of a river, in a stretch of country reclaimed by drainage, alders suddenly began to grow broadcast. So far as human knowledge goes, that tree was never before known to exist in that or any neighboring locality. The supposition is that in some prehistoric period that part of the country was an alder forest, whose surviving seeds, after a lapse of ages, now reappear.

The information along these lines is vague and unsatisfactory. Similarly, the statement that wheat found in Egyptian sarcophagi grew readily when planted, 4000 or 5000 years from the time of harvesting, cannot be accepted as proved. Yet in the absence of definite knowledge, experts reserve opinion. It is to supply exact data on the subject that the burial of seed has taken place at Arlington.

THE POISON-PROOF PRAIRIE DOG — Arsenic, corrosive sublimate and potassium cyanide he eats like oats.

THE use of a new and singularly powerful poison is redeeming millions of valuable Western acres. In Kansas alone, where the mixture has been thoroughly tested, its efficacy in exterminating destructive rodents which until now have been poison proof, will save over half a million dollars' worth of forage crops annually. Besides that it assures the safeguarding of the horticultural interests of the State which have been seriously menaced.

Hitherto prairie dogs *(Cynomys ludovicianus)* and pocket gophers *(Geomys bursarius)* have wrought widespread havoc in Kansas, all efforts to stay their ravages having proved inadequate. Arsenic, corrosive sublimate, barium carbonate, potassium cyanide and strychnine have been persistently administered, but the hardy and predatory rodents have survived this chemical diet. Efforts have been made to suffocate the pests by forcing sulphur fumes into the burrows, and to do it on a large scale machines were specially designed. It was also hoped to

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Armour Institute of Technology

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No occupation open to women can compare with that of the trained nurse. It is elevating, enjoyable work, graduates earning $15 to $30 a week. We teach this profession by mail. For attractive booklet, giving full details, with valuable suggestions, address

CHAUTAUQUA SCHOOL OF NURSING
205 Main St., Jamestown-on-Chautauqua N. Y.

"Just Supposin'"

Just suppose that you knew for sure that we send you a high grade range—none better at any price—for from $12 to $20 less than your dealer asks you for a range not so good. Would you keep that $12 to $20 in your pocket, or would you give it to the dealer? We do save our customers that much money and

WE SEND THE RANGE ON 360 DAYS APPROVAL TEST

Every range is tested at the factory and then again when set up. We prepay the freight. Write for Catalogue No. 152 which is free for the asking. Better write for it. Kalamazoo Stove Company, Mfrs., Kalamazoo, Mich.

All Kalamazoo cook stoves and ranges are equipped with patent oven thermometer.

The Southern Pacific
OFFERS A VARIETY OF ROUTES TO
CALIFORNIA
Via their New Steamers to New Orleans, thence by rail, or by any all rail route, at from
$39 to $50
For all further information address any
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SHUSHINE A PERFECT SHOE POLISH IN PASTE FORM

And a Complete Shoe Polishing Outfit for 25c. Sufficient for 100 shines. It is in a tube. You can't spill it. Shoes wear one-third longer where Shushine is used exclusively, as it never hardens or cracklen the leather. It is easy to apply and quick to polish.
If your local dealer cannot supply you, will send by mail on receipt of
for every County in every State.
Osmic Chemical Co.
DEPT. F Brockton, Mass.

His Razor Doesn't Pull
Does Yours?
Try His

$1 POSTPAID Replaced if Unsatisfactory

SHUMATE DOLLAR RAZOR

"THE RAZOR WITH A CHARACTER"
Cannot be excelled. Finest steel. Hollow ground. Perfect two-tempered. GUARANTEE to last a lifetime. Stropping attachment. Send yourself FREE BOOK.
SHUMATE RAZOR CO., Dept F Austin Tex.

Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, $3.00

Sizes and Prices	
9 by 6 ft.	$3.00
9 by 7½ ft.	3.50
9 by 9 ft.	4.00
9 by 10½ ft.	4.50
9 by 12 ft.	5.00

Sent by express prepaid east of the Rocky Mountains.

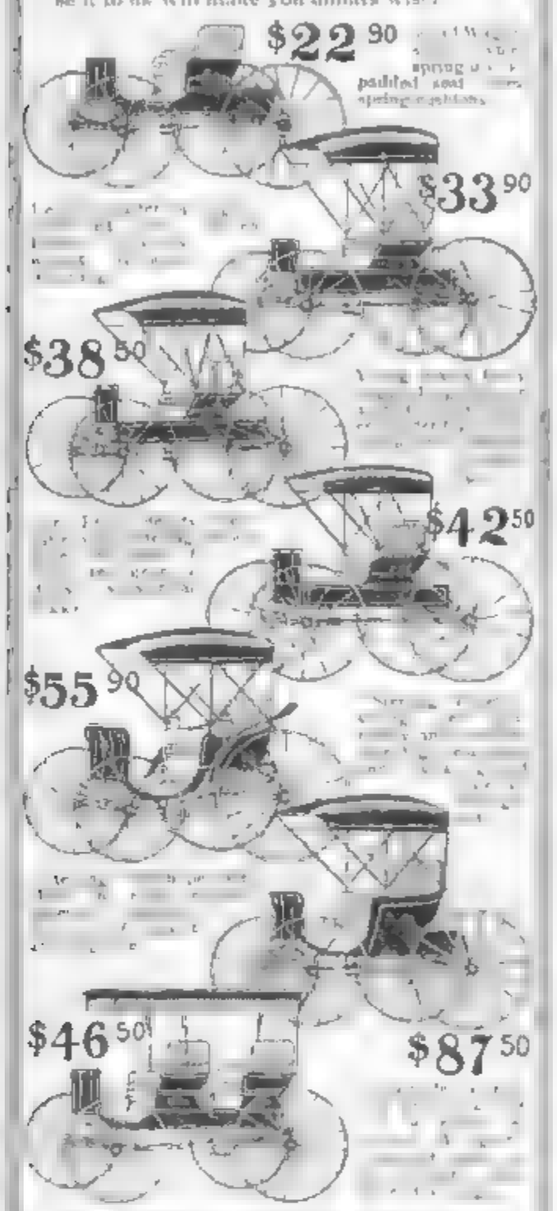
Your money back if you want it. Catalogue free for the asking.
Oriental Importing Co., 6876, Bourse Building, Philadelphia

Buy Direct

From the Builders

Guaranteed Vehicles Direct from the Factory to You

at the very lowest [illegible] for vehicles which give satisfaction. We know [illegible]. We ship on approval. We pay the freight. We ship your free vehicle [illegible]. You don't lose—our $1 [illegible]. Our factory [illegible] to the difference between buggies built to sell and buggies built to sell is worth knowing [illegible] us show you the difference. A postal card [illegible] it to us will make you dollars wiser.



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A postal brings it. Address

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.

Michigan Ave. and Madison St., Chicago

Builders of Reliable Buggies

CLARK'S

NORWAY, Sweden, Russia

The most delightful way to visit these interesting countries is offered by our July 2d Cruise of 42 days on the popular Lloyd express steamer "KAISERIN," **specially chartered for our party.**

RATES, $225 AND UP.

All necessary expenses included. Send for illustrated program. Programmes and rates for **various European tours** ranging from $45 to $800.

FRANK C. CLARK.

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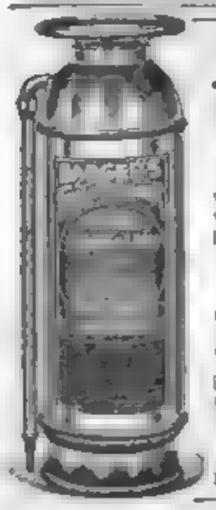

Why Be Idle

[illegible] best and latest Fire Fighter

You Can Make Money

Write us for [illegible]. We will tell [illegible] liberal [illegible].

BADGER'S FIRE EXTINGUISHER

Is Strong, Simple, Instant in Action. No parts to get out of order. Every Home should have one.

Badger Fire Extinguisher Co.

Dept B, 31 Portland St., Boston, Mass.

decimate the prairie-dog villages and gopher colonies by introducing contagious diseases. Notwithstanding all attempts it was found that they were on the increase. Until a few months ago prairie dogs held dominion in sixty-eight counties in Kansas, their depredations covering an area of 2,000,000 acres. Even on pasture land whose native-grass meadows offer more resistance than cultivated crops, the damage done by prairie dogs has been fifty per cent. Wheat and alfalfa fields have been frequently totally devoured by these pests, which figure in Cooper's novels somewhat more romantically as "prairie marmots" and "wish-ton-wish." The total annual loss caused by the prairie dogs in Kansas has been not less than $80,000. Pocket gophers have been a still greater scourge. In some years they have destroyed one-tenth of the entire alfalfa crop of that State, representing a loss of over $[illegible]. In addition they have menaced the existence of orchards and nurseries, destroying thousands of trees by girdling them.

Finally, after years of fruitless efforts at extermination, a secret poison has been concocted which gives promise of ridding Kansas entirely of the animals. Quantities of the poison are sent, upon application, to farmers throughout the State, but the formula is withheld from the public. The operation of mixing the poison is exceedingly dangerous and is conducted under the personal supervision of State chemists. Thus far the subtle and powerful compound has absolutely exterminated prairie dogs on more than a quarter of a million acres, and the demand for the poison is taxing the State's facilities for its manufacture. So potent is the mixture that a half gallon can of it has destroyed the inhabitants of 1200 burrows, which comprised a prairie-dog village covering 160 acres.

That this discovery of an effective poison for the rodents marks an important chapter in the development of the State will be realized when it is known that the question had assumed such importance that the Legislature of Kansas at the last session passed a formal law declaring war on the animals and making appropriation for the campaign. Under the provisions of this enactment the authorities have been enabled to test the new poison extensively.

State officials conducted the initial experiments. Within twenty-four hours from the beginning of operations every prairie dog on an eighty-acre tract had been killed by the poison. Now the slaughter is growing into a general crusade, the officials and farmers working in zealous cooperation to rid Kansas entirely of these active enemies of husbandry.

POWDERED MILK — It will be put up in tins and will be available for use on shipboard, in the woods and elsewhere.

CHEMISTS in the Department of Agriculture are interesting themselves in a new discovery which promises to be of much importance to the public in general and more particularly to dairy farmers.

The subject under their consideration is the manufacture of flour from milk.

They say that an apparatus has been perfected by which milk can be reduced to a powder having all the appearance of ordinary wheat flour and possessing the food qualities of milk.

The process which precipitates the milk into flour produces a commodity which is not sensitive to heat and other conditions which vitally affect milk in its natural state.

The cost of production of this nonfermentable milk flour will be, it is estimated, about twenty-five cents a hundred quarts, and flour made from skimmed milk will probably be sold at twelve and one-half cents a pound.

Hitherto skimmed milk has not been a very profitable dairy product, not infrequently going to waste altogether. Converted into flour it will assume a new economic importance.

The secret of the manufacture of this milk flour has not yet been made public, but samples of the novel product have been submitted to analytical chemists, who have pronounced favorable judgment upon it. Milk flour is said to be an altogether different product from any of the milk proteids now on the market. No rennet, acid or lye is used in the manufacture of milk flour.

The new product will be shipped in tins, bags and barrels.

IF YOU believed that the **Cecilian** was a more perfect piano player than any other, that its rendering of any musical selection was *more expressive, more artistic than that of any other*, then the **Cecilian** is the one you would wish to buy, isn't it? We believe that we can prove these facts to your entire satisfaction, and we will appreciate an opportunity of presenting the evidence to you. The Cecilian costs $250.00; monthly payments if desired. Address

FARRAND ORGAN CO., DEPT. R, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

THE

Union Savings Bank

OF PITTSBURGH

Capital, $1,000,000.00

[illegible] all parts of the world, [illegible] y mal — And never [illegible] y of them.

WRITE TO-DAY

[illegible] the handsomest illustrated booklet, "Modern Banking" [illegible]

4 Per Cent. Interest

[illegible] savings deposits [illegible] every six months.

Henry C. Frick	[illegible]	Edward A. Woods
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A. W. Mellon	[illegible]	[illegible]
R. B. Mellon	[illegible]	[illegible]
F. J. Hearne	[illegible]	[illegible]
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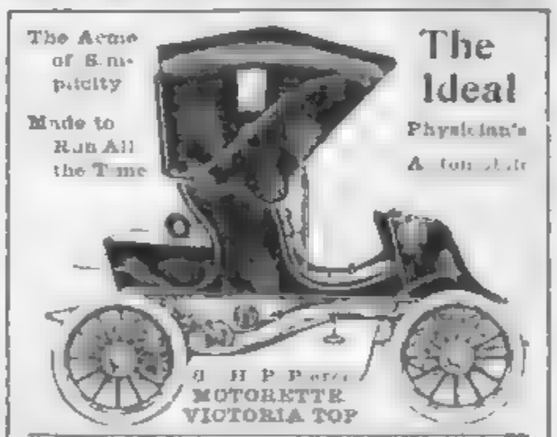


GEO. N. PIERCE CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

PIERCE Cycles and ARROW Motor Cars.

Catalogue FREE on Application

[illegible] comfort, convenience and order at home when you have [illegible] them along by packing your clothes in a

STALLMAN Dresser Trunk

Built like a dresser. Everything you want when and where you want it. Keeps garments in perfect condition. Simplifies packing and unpacking, eliminates re-packing. Newest and most convenient trunk made and costs no more than the ordinary style. Sent C.O.D. privilege examination.

Send two-cent stamp for booklet.

F. A. STALLMAN, 60 W. Spring St., Columbus, O

We Make a Specialty of

Class Pins and Badges

for colleges, schools, societies, etc. No middleman's profit — the goods come straight [illegible]. Either of the two styles [illegible] can be had with any three letters, any two figures [illegible].

In Silver Plate, $1.00 per dozen. A Sample, 10c
In Sterling Silver, $2.50 per dozen. A Sample, 25c

Write for illustrated catalogue showing hundreds of designs free. [illegible] guaranteed, special [illegible] estimates gladly furnished.

BASTIAN BROTHERS

32 Chamber of Commerce

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

Journalism: Story-Writing

taught by mail [illegible] sold on commission, either to an [illegible] or for the syndicate. [illegible] of Sales Department [illegible] Manager [illegible] of the Syndicate [illegible] sent free. [illegible] "Writing for Profit" [illegible] succeed as a journalist [illegible] writer. Location [illegible], [illegible] does not [illegible].

THE NATIONAL PRESS ASS'N, The Baldwin, No. 67, Indianapolis.

PATENT SECURED of [illegible] trademark. Free opinion as to patentability. Send for our Guide Book and What To Invent. Sent [illegible]. Patents secured through us advertised without charge in The Patent Record. SAMPLE COPY FREE.

EVANS, WILKINS & CO., Washington, D. C.

How Men make FORTUNES

By

Orva S. Duff

In the last issue of "The Saturday Evening Post" appeared one of the largest display advertisements this publication ever printed—two full pages devoted to a subject which for the first time in the history of World Fairs is now being promulgated by the St. Louis Exposition.

A RECENT discussion by the executive board of the St. Louis World's Fair on the subject of Advertisement-writing, in their decision to set aside space for a "Department of Publicity," which is in itself an innovation in the history of World Fair propositions has awakened considerable interest. It is indeed surprising to note that so few people realize the important part advertising has played in the success of men. Fortunes are spent and fortunes are made. The profession of advertising is comparatively new, however, and offers innumerable opportunities to those who are trained in its details and have become qualified.

Hundreds of millions of dollars are spent yearly to promote a marketable article, and one needs but to look about him to see evidence of its potent power. There is more money spent in advertising than in the commerce of the world. The accumulated sum of a year's expenditure would double the United States surplus. The magnitude of this amount can be estimated when we say:

Place each copy of the advertisements appearing in all of the publications during one year end to end, and there would be an announcement ribbon over a hundred thousand miles long—assuming also clipped advertisements would make the thickness of an inch, placed sheet upon sheet they would erect a pile over a *hundred* million feet high. So essential is the proper handling of the appropriations and the proper construction of the advertisements appearing in the papers and other media of publicity, that it has become a science—a profession, followed by young men who are fortunate enough to have been thrown into that sphere.

Yet with this vast interest there are fewer men actively engaged in the preparation of advertisements than there are in any other field of honorable endeavor, where one-third the capital is represented.

This is doubtless due to the undeveloped comprehension of the profession and the man whose perceptive facilities are awake to the existing conditions is asking: "What advantage does this profession offer to the young man of to-day?" This question was recently advanced to ten young men who have studied the profession and are now engaged in active service, and the opinion of each is herewith given:

"The knowledge of advertising immediately places a man in his proper sphere and frees him from spending many of the best years in his life working his way up." —*Vernon H. Pratt*

"It furnishes the training necessary to complete a man's mercantile education." —*Elmer H. Foster*

"It qualifies a man to successfully engage in the business with a small capital." —*Milford B. Martin*

"It will fit a man to accept a previously proffered position."

"It will help a man out of a mechanical vocation."

"It perfects a [illegible] by a limited knowledge of it." —*A. H. Chester*

"It will make your services more valuable [illegible] knowledge be known to your employers."

"It does away with that fear of losing a position [illegible] your services are always in demand."

"It affords an opportunity to create a new field of usefulness."

"It broadens a man's intellect and increases the horizon of his [illegible]" —*Lester Fay*

No less an authority than Forrest Crissey says:

"[illegible] Agent of modern enterprise, the writing of advertisements [illegible] hands of CAPABLE and ART in a union [illegible] to grasp of prosperity beyond the dreams of [illegible] years since it was the [illegible] many who are paid above five thousand dollars, and hundreds who earn a yearly income of several thousand dollars. These are not fancy figures; the business world is looking for more opportunities to pay these [illegible] greater salaries to competent men. Every science, in its inception was a haphazard way of doing certain things by those who 'had the knack.' And these generally declared that theirs was a gift of the gods that came by birth and not by training. So it was with the science of advertising—until certain men of analytical [illegible] saw the clearly defined principles that were at the bottom of this as of all other sciences that its practice could be taught, and taught successfully—to those having even a moderate amount of common-sense and the faculty."

[illegible] of the Page-Davis Co. (the institution to whom credit must be given for placing the profession upon a firm foundation), is found the records of men and women trained to manage departments of advertisement-writing, and who receive salaries ranging from $25.00 to $125.00 per week. Their testimonials show instances without number of thousands who have wisely taken up the study of advertising with that institution, and in a comparatively short time have made rapid advancement with correspondingly large salaries.

If the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST will write to the Original Correspondence School of Advertising, Page-Davis Co., Suite 618, No. 90 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, they will receive free, an interesting prospectus setting forth the advantages of the advertising education—a most profitable, enlightening and fascinating business for ambitious men and women.

The Reading Table

Mark Twain as a Statesman

SENATOR STEWART, of Nevada, tells a new story of Mark Twain's apprenticeship. The humorist who was to make the world laugh was then employed as a reporter in Carson City, and was on duty one evening in the City Council when the session was presided over by a municipal statesman of exceedingly pompous manner, who cherished no great fondness for the young Clemens. This councilman, ordinarily of no intellectual resource, became hopelessly confused in a parliamentary tangle. Finally a motion was made to expunge from the records a certain matter which the presiding officer was extremely anxious should not become part of local history. The motion, having been seconded, was eagerly passed.

"The matter has been ordered expunged," declared the presiding councilman gravely, "and the clerk will proceed—to expunge. It should be effectively wiped out, obliterated and totally destroyed." He paused to notice the effect of his sentence of annihilation. "Where, gentlemen," he asked, "will you have the expunged matter deposited and placed?"

Mark Twain caught the attention of the councilman nearest him. "Let the expunged matter be worn under the Chairman's hat," he suggested; "no one would ever think of looking there for anything."

A Defense of Hunters

DR. A. K. FISHER, of the United States Biological Survey, is not only a profound student of natural history in general and birds in particular, but is also a great hunter for the sport of it. Like John Burroughs, who has often accompanied him on his expeditions, which have ranged from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic, Doctor Fisher has a poet's regard for the specimens he studies.

A few days ago with a fellow scholar he was discussing the ethics of shooting birds. "How," he was asked, "can you reconcile your delight in killing birds with your unquestionable love for them as a scientist?"

"Song birds, insectivorous and plume birds," replied the naturalist, "are of inestimable value to the country, both economically and aesthetically, and should not be killed, save to a very limited extent for scientific purposes. I have no hesitancy, however, about shooting game birds in open season. The sport should be vigilantly controlled by intelligent legislation, but all efforts absolutely to prohibit the bagging of game birds, except in the case of diminishing species, are misdirected.

"And when the time comes," added the naturalist, "that the men of America no longer have the spirit to reach for their guns in the open season and go tramping the plains and mountains in search of game—when that condition overtakes us, any old nation will be able to step in and take the government off our hands."

By Another Name

A FEW evenings ago Secretary Cortelyou was enjoying a stroll in Lincoln Park which happens to be not far from his home on Capitol Hill. In front of a bronze statue of Lincoln which adorns this square Mr. Cortelyou noticed two colored women, one of whom, as evidenced by her dress, was from the country and taking in the sights of Washington with a city relative.

"And you can't guess who dat is?" the Washington woman was repeating, pointing to the statue of the Emancipator.

"I don't guess I can," was the response of the visitor. "Who is it?"

"Why, chile," said the ebony guide proudly, "dat am de Instigator ob our freedom."

SYMPATHY

By Charlotte Becker

We laughed together, love and I,
When all the world was bright;
We mocked at pain, and thought we spanned
The measure of delight.

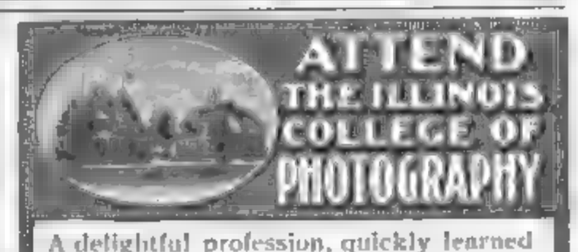
We wept together, love and I,
When all the world was gray,
And yet, we had not known how fair
The world was—till that day!

ALUMINUM
IN THE KITCHEN
adds brightness and cheerfulness to the whole house.
Aluminum Cooking Utensils
make work lighter, easier, more pleasant. They are the only cooking utensils in the world that can not rust or burn, that never crack or scale, have no joints or seams to catch dirt or leak—that last a life time—are always clean and bright—and that cost no more than other high-grade ware.
Write to-day for the booklet "What to Serve and How to Serve It." Free for the asking.
THE ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSIL COMPANY
PITTSBURG, PA.
Box "K"
Be sure this Trade-mark is on every Piece.
ALUMINUM TACU CO.

Pears'

is not only the best soap for toilet and bath but also for shaving. Pears was the inventor of shaving-stick soap.

Established over 100 years.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A delightful profession, quickly learned. Pays well. Good positions secured for graduates. Only college of photography in the world. Annually graduates students from all states and foreign countries. Terms easy, living inexpensive.
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Reclining
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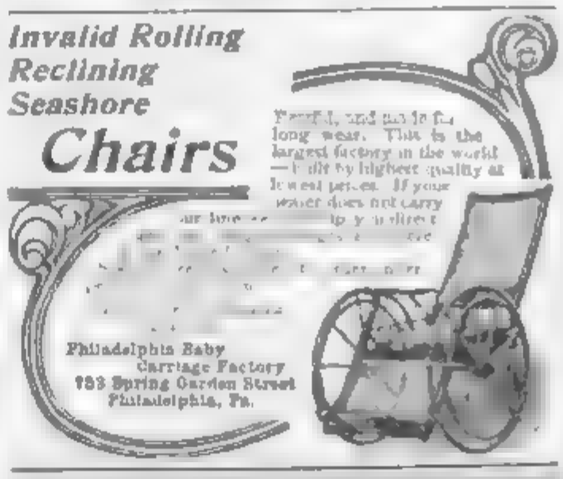

Dr. Lyon's
PERFECT
Tooth Powder
Used by people of refinement for over a quarter of a century
PREPARED BY
J. W. Lyon, D.D.S.

While You Are Well

You can provide for your future—and your children—at little cost. When you get sick or an invalid, you can't at any cost. "The How and the Why" tells—send for it. We insure by mail.

PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
921 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia

Ten Days FREE TRIAL

allowed on every bicycle bought of us before purchase is binding. We ship C. O. D. on approval to anyone without a cent deposit.

NEW 1903 MODELS

"Bellise,"	complete	$6.75
"Cossack,"		$10.75
"Siberian,"		$12.75
"Neudorf,"		$14.75

no better bicycles at any price.

Any other make or model you want at one-third usual price. Choice of any standard tires and best equipment [illegible]

RIDER AGENTS WANTED in each town to buy sample wheel at special price and take orders for our improved 1903 models. There's big money in it.

Get 11 pre. 500 Good 2nd-Hand Wheels $3 to $8

DO NOT BUY a bicycle until you have written for our free catalog with large photographic engravings and full descriptions. MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. M-6, Chicago

Hard leather heels may do to-day,
Will strike us while they make us,
But in our customs they avow,
Will ward off undertakers.

The hygienic influence and correction of carriage acquired through wearing O'Sullivan Rubber Heels receives the [illegible] attention of the medical fraternity. When you need a lift on your heels ask your dealer to put O'Sullivan Rubber Heels on. 35 cents and a small sum for attaching. All dealers, or O'Sullivan Rubber Co., Lowell, Mass.

Learn Civil Engineering

By my new methods. I teach Civil Engineering as no other man or school—resident or correspondence—has ever taught it. I teach it as only a practical man can teach it. I not only personally prepare each lesson, but I correct and criticise the work of each student myself. Instruction by mail. Prospectus and sample lesson, including a 9 x 12 inch blue print, free.

WILLIAM B. McFLREE
Late U. S. Townsite Surveyor. Humansville, Missouri

$ Does Your Camera Pay or is it a Constant Expense ?

Any amateur of average ability can easily make his camera profitable during a week or two's vacation without interfering with his other pleasures. For 1 dollar we will send our neatly printed booklet fully describing how this is done. No further expense unless you do it. Why not your camera? Write at once and don't wait until you've had it [illegible] time. PHOTO. SOUVENIR CO., Boston, Mass.

The School that Shows Results

All "Brainys" who have talent for drawing join the National School of Caricature. Send stamps for book with artist's photos and free lesson. Teaching from model and by mail.

D. McCARTHY, Director
First Floor, World Building, N. Y.

ALABASTINE

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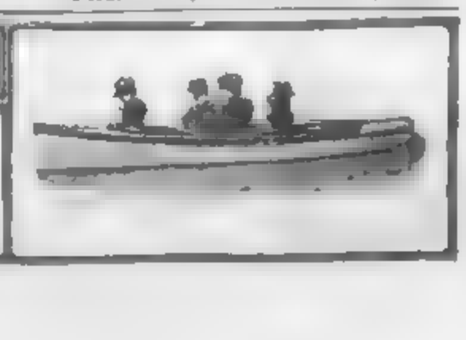

Practical SYSTEM in BUSINESS

The business systems of twenty years ago did not change to those of today in a single jump. They were evolved day by day. . . . Tonight some restless inventor will lie awake devising something that will be useful to you tomorrow. . . . Continuous business success depends upon the substitution of today's methods for those of yesterday—of tomorrow's methods for those of today. . . . ***This page describes some of the devices which are necessary to the successful business man of today. READ THIS PAGE CAREFULLY.***

Every man who conducts correspondence is interested in the question "Which is the best typewriter?" There are twenty five substantial reasons why the OLIVER TYPEWRITER is the best machine the world has produced. So phenomenally successful has this machine become that it has proven its unqualified right to the title, "The Standard Visible Writer," and the business world has decided that its adoption increases quantity, improves quality and reduces expense. Strong claims but easily proven. The wide range of the Oliver Typewriter's usefulness makes it easy to adopt systems heretofore impracticable except with the pen. Catalog 2 explains in detail.

The ADDRESSOGRAPH is as necessary to a modern office as steam is to an engine. With it an office boy can do in one hour what it formerly took ten clerks two hours to do. It not only addresses envelopes in exact imitation of typewriting, but also fills in names on duplicate letters, prints names and addresses on shipping tags, pay envelopes, time tickets, monthly statements and loose leaf systems. Thousands of business houses now have their lists of names arranged for the Addressograph and kept by States or Territories so that printed matter can be speedily sent to any special list. There is at least one place in your business for the Addressograph. Learn now what it will do. Catalog 7 describes it, and illustrates its many uses. Write for it to-day.

Modern business methods presuppose a convenient and orderly arrangement of papers. By the most approved system all orders, forms and records are spread on punched loose sheets, which are filed and classified according to the varying needs of each business. While in active use these loose sheets are kept in Holders if there be few, and in Binders if there be many; and when old the sheets are consecutively filed away in Transfer Binders as permanent records. The TATOM HOLDERS and BINDERS comprise 3 styles and 78 stock sizes. With them any one can easily start and maintain a loose-sheet system. These and other office devices are described in our printed matter. Ask for Catalog No. 16.

No office is considered complete without an EDISON MIMEOGRAPH. In these days of commercial competition there is no surer quicker or cheaper way of quickening business than by employing the many means offered by this valuable machine. There is a place in almost any business where an Edison Mimeograph will save time and money. Perhaps you see no use for it in your office. You probably will after you read Catalog 6 and understand what a Mimeograph will do. It will pay you well to read it. Simply cut out and sign the coupon on the corner of this advertisement, or better still write us a letter stating your business, and we can suggest methods to meet your requirements.

Time is money. This is particularly true in the commercial world. BAIRD'S No. 12 TIME STAMP makes an absolutely accurate record for every purpose where time counts. The receipt of correspondence, job time, the arrival and departure of employees and in countless other cases time is measured to the minute by this—the only durable time stamp. It is made of the finest materials, with finely polished steel bearings. The clock movement, being in an entirely separate compartment from the stamping mechanism, is unaffected by the hammer action. The price is remarkably low. Catalog 3 describes and illustrates the Baird Time Stamp.

For many years [illegible] change materially [illegible] when the BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE was placed on the market this branch of office work was revolutionized. To-day there are 12,500 of these great time savers in banks, mercantile houses, factories, wholesale and retail stores, etc. Wherever this machine is not part of an office equipment it is because its merits are not understood. The Burroughs Adding Machine bears the same relation to figures that the typewriter does to correspondence. It adds figures with ten times the speed of the quickest clerk and it is mechanically impossible for it to make a mistake. Described in Catalog 13. Write for it.

The [illegible] clippings, memoranda, and manuscript. Every busy man—literary, business or professional realizes the great necessity of properly filing and classifying memoranda, clippings, data, etc.

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No matter what you want to file [illegible] correspondence, papers, samples, documents—there is a Shaw-Walker way to do it. And that way is the best way [illegible] is the most simple. Shaw-Walker card systems are better than books—Shaw-Walker vertical letter files better than flat steel cabinets. Shaw-Walker sectional bookcases better than solid ones. All are built in sections so they will grow as your business grows. Send to-day for Catalog 19. It tells all about SHAW-WALKER SYSTEMS. The book is concise, terse, yet complete. Costs the Shaw-Walker Company 38c. to send it, but they will do so gladly if you simply sign the coupon on the corner of this advertisement.

Old fashioned bound books for [illegible] are too [illegible] and expensive. Loose leaf books allow of arrangement, rearrangement and expansion. They save time, for the yearly or semi-yearly opening of new books is done away with. They are self indexing. No card index is required. The JONES PERPETUAL LEDGER COMPANY'S LOOSE LEAF BOOKS have every advantage of any loose leaf book and more—absolute alignment of the leaves—a strong binder in which the leaves cannot move a hair's breadth. Every progressive business man should read Catalog 1. It explains JONES PERPETUAL LEDGER COMPANY'S LOOSE LEAF BOOKS and how you can use them to your business. And there isn't a mercantile house in the country where they cannot be used to advantage.

Some business men are prejudiced against fountain pens. And that same prejudice has kept them from realizing how great a saving WATERMAN'S IDEAL FOUNTAIN PENS would make in their office work. Continuous writing without dipping and blotting saves so much of a man's own time—and the time of the stenographers and clerks—that a pen pays for itself in a short time. But the fountain pen must be a "Waterman," else the bother and leaks and breaks might offset the saving. Catalog 5 tells all about Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens, and of special pens [illegible] Write for catalog. If you are specially interested in manifold work, tell us.

The PROTECTOGRAPH will absolutely secure the integrity of your checks. It impresses a line like this:

NOT OVER FIVE DOLLARS 5

In strictly indelible ink, in any preferred part of the check so deeply as to make the line a part of the document itself and absolutely unalterable and ineffaceable. It is used by the U. S. Treasury and more than 10,000 financial and industrial institutions. The machine is a model of mechanical beauty, simplicity and efficiency. Write for Catalog 15 which tells some things about [illegible] raising and check protection that you may not know. A postal card will bring it.

The little things in an office sometimes save the most time, labor and money. RUBBER STAMPS, NUMBERING MACHINES [illegible] your business, will aid you in a countless number of ways, and at little cost considering the valuable service they can render. There is system in using stamps [illegible] know about. An ingenious little holder called "Rex" keeps them in order, clean and handy. The best ideas on Rubber Stamps and kindred articles are described in Catalog 12. New ideas for Rubber Stamps are being discovered almost daily. If you send for this catalog you will receive not only the latest and most practical ideas discovered up to date, but will be kept informed of new schemes that are being constantly originated in the leading mercantile houses.

An ERICSSON INTERIOR TELEPHONE SYSTEM shortens office work, saves actual time, saves confusion. To some men such a system seems a luxury. All who have installed the system know it is an economy. Cheap interior 'phones soon get out of order. That's worse than no system at all. But the Ericsson is built to last—the same quality and workmanship [illegible] No other concern anywhere has studied the telephone system so thoroughly, or devised so many special instruments and [illegible] Ericsson system contains all the best features of other 'phones and some features found in no other phones. Ask now for Catalog 4.

There was a time when any old chair would do for the office. Business and comfort were not partners. But times have changed and ideas of business comfort have changed with them—because they give complete back rest while at work, thereby enabling the man at the desk or the man at the typewriter to accomplish more work with greater comfort. Catalog 14 describes the McCLOUD NEW TWENTIETH CENTURY ADJUSTABLE SPRING BACK CHAIRS [illegible] factors in the improvement. Back Rests" [illegible] them—because they give complete back rest while at work, thereby enabling the man at the desk or the man at the typewriter to accomplish more work with greater comfort. Catalog 14 describes the McCloud Chairs and shows the adjustment which fits the back.

To save time and labor, to insure neatness and accuracy, to facilitate work, use the THEXTON ELECTRIC ENVELOPE SEALER. It is practical, [illegible] and [illegible] Indorsed by over 1,000 concerns as a paying and profitable investment. It performs the labor of several people, [illegible] always ready for an instant use. So simple any boy or girl can use it and feed envelopes [illegible] used by the largest trust companies, banks, commercial and mail-order houses in the country, who have [illegible] and found it to fulfill every claim made. Sent out on free trial to sell strictly upon merit. Ask now for Catalog 11, with list of users.

Free information is offered you here. Mail us this coupon or write us a letter

To System Chicago

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This is really a half price offer. The publishers will double the price and treble the value of SYSTEM. Two dollars the year is the rate. But this introductory offer is available: send a single dollar now and you will receive the next six numbers of SYSTEM and six valuable back numbers for immediate reading. Or, better still, send two dollars for a full year's subscription and the six back numbers. Send the coupon or write a letter TODAY. YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO CLOSE YOUR CASH DRAWER AGAINST SYSTEM

SYSTEM

Edited by A. W. SHAW

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[illegible] regular [illegible] of our stock share in this sale

Suits and Etamine costumes in the newest summer models former price $10, reduced to $6 67
$12 Suits reduced to $8
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Latest designs in Travelling, Walking and Dressy Skirts, made of cool Summer weight materials, former price $5, reduced to $3 34

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$25.00 for this elegant Buffet [illegible] retail at $[illegible] beautiful figure, g[illegible] [illegible]ering Centers [illegible] wide, 56 in. high [illegible]

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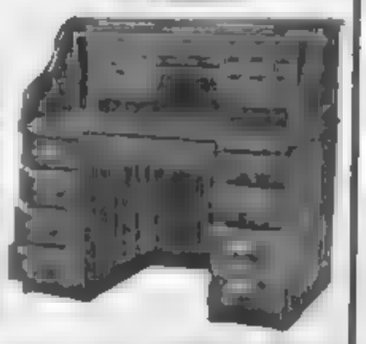

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Farmers Who Advertise

By David Buffum

AMONG the advocates of "modern" or "improved" farming there is often a noticeable tendency to treat agriculture as an exact science rather than a business. This is a mistake. It is true that accurate scientific knowledge plays an important part in farming; indeed, without it the highest success in agriculture is impossible of attainment. But good farming, as I have pointed out in a former article, is a business, and, as such, the application of established business principles is essential to its every department. It is my purpose here to speak of a department so important as to demand always the most careful consideration. I mean the marketing of the output.

There is no question but that the aggregate loss to farmers from selling their goods in a poor market is very great. In a certain New England watering place, for instance, I have known eggs, before the advent of the summer visitors, to be almost a drug on the market; while at another city, only thirty miles distant, they were in brisk demand at ten cents more on the dozen. This is a great difference in price and was far more than the extra cost of transportation, which could hardly have exceeded one cent on the dozen. And yet very few farmers took advantage of the situation, the inertia of long-settled habit keeping most of them in their accustomed channel of trade.

I also recall an instance in my own farming, when I had a lot of turkeys to dispose of, as I hoped, at a fancy price. I sent one wagon load to a wealthy residence town and another to a manufacturing city, the two men in charge being about equally expert as salesmen. The lot sold in the manufacturing city brought twenty cents a pound (two cents above the price current of best turkeys), while the lot sold in the residence town brought twenty-five cents and sold quicker. The manufacturing city was much the larger place of the two, but it had not the class of people who were willing to pay outside prices.

It is argued that many farmers are unable to pick and choose their environment and that force of circumstance constrains them to make use of such markets as lie near at hand, the cost of transportation being too great to warrant sending goods to a better one. This argument is rarely tenable, unless the output is inconsiderable in quantity. Farms do not lie very extensively in cities, and even if suburban land were within the means of the farmer, the tolls and interest upon it would generally far more than offset its advantages. The cost of transportation must assuredly be considered, but it is seldom such a drawback as is commonly supposed.

I had, a few years ago, a stallion that I bought for my own use and that of my neighbors, but the latter made little use of him and his earnings in the stud rarely exceeded three hundred dollars a year. The trouble was that though I was myself a breeder of horses, the great majority of my neighbors were not. Meanwhile I had procured another stallion that I liked better and I decided on a change for the first one.

In one of the Western States was a locality where raising horses was the principal business of the farmers, but where I knew there was no stock-horse equal to mine, and to that locality I determined to take him. I recall vividly the look of amazement on the face of one of my neighbors when I told him of my decision. "Why!" he gasped, "yuw must be crazy. It must be nigh on to a thousan' mile to that 'ere section o' country." I told him it was certainly all of that. "What'll it cost to take the hoss there?" he asked. "About thirty dollars," I replied; "then, say, forty more for hotel bills, etc., while I'm getting him placed in the hands of some reliable man, and thirty to return—about a hundred dollars in all, in round numbers." He gave a long, low whistle. "Whe-e-ew! An' yuw expect a job to pay that's attended with such blame inordinate expense as that? Well, I'm dum'd!"

The program was carried out. The first season that the horse stood in the West he earned me $650, the second $925, and the third $825. I then sold him for a far larger price than I could have realized had his only record in the stud been the one that he made in the East.

Another instance that comes to my mind of advantageously seeking a good market,

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[illegible] 50 per cent. of ordinary retail cigar [illegible] by price cutting, but by cutting out the profits and expenses of the jobbers, salesmen and Retailers who successfully sold the output of our factory and who each made a profit out of you, not [illegible] are now selling exclusively to the smoker [illegible] we have the same factory prices we formerly charged [illegible] ing your choice of these same brands is

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References:—Any bank or any of our customers in every part of every state or territory

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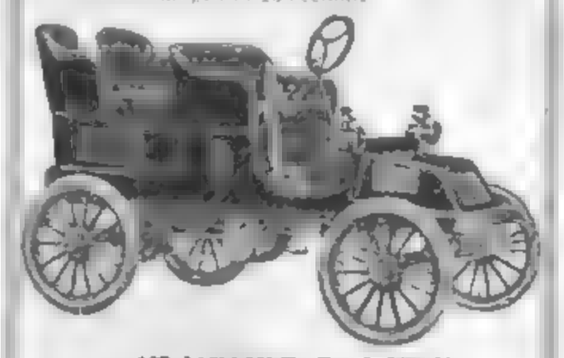

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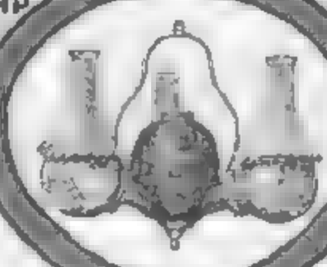
handle than the light you use now, no matter what it is. If you could conceive of the beauty and genuine [illegible] of its light, its [illegible] and the entire absence of the [illegible] that cause [illegible] vitiation in other ways, you would marvel at yourself for having been without it so long. The comparatively little heat given by the Angle Lamp makes it a luxury during the warm weather. It is handled like gas, being lighted and [illegible] can easily the same way, can be left turned low in [illegible] of time without odor or any danger [illegible] worth of oil a month [illegible]

THE ANGLE LAMP CO



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STAMPS 100 all different [illegible] Mexico, Argentine [illegible] Turkey, Persia, Tunis, etc., and ALBUM, ONLY 10c. [illegible] 50 mixed 20c [illegible] 10c. U. S., 25c. Agents wanted, 50 per ct. [illegible] list Free.

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The man that carefully explains things to his pupil [illegible]

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Here's a Hint that May be Helpful. To Struggling Women Workers, Too

In a rut? Then get out of it. Le[illegible] [illegible] always well [illegible] has been successful in [illegible] for the past two years. The [illegible] positions, obtained and he[illegible] [illegible] quite willing to do this, because they are all in good [illegible]

They Know the Business

My course is not taught by "form letters." Every lesson is prepared and [illegible] by Mr. Helms himself, and is accompanied by a letter personally dictated by [illegible] assistants. Consequently, but [illegible] can be taught at one [illegible] ask questions about [illegible] one of the summer students, and your [illegible] when are wanted in this [illegible]

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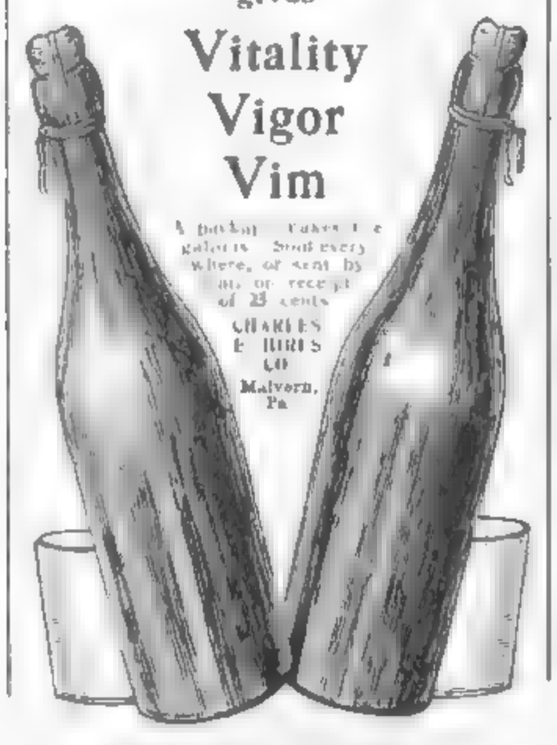

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C 54

LAZY COFFEE

Another Name for the "Sloppy" Sort

Postum Coffee is not made like ordinary coffee for it takes at least 25 minutes' cooking to bring out the heavy food value of Postum. It requires some effort for those things which are really worth while—making Postum requires a little care.

The grocer is in a position to hear of those lazy ones who will not take the trouble to make Postum correctly. "I am well acquainted indeed with Postum," says a grocer of Camden, N. J., "for I meet it not only at my breakfast table but I am also associated with it daily in my business.

"Coffee drinking used to affect my nerves and stomach but since we have been using Postum in our family in place of coffee the bloated feeling after eating has disappeared and my head is now clear and stomach and nerves all right. We all feel better in every way and find Postum just as satisfactory to our palates.

"I have met customers who complained that Postum was not good but we always found this due to the fact that they tried to make it as they used to make coffee. Of course we set them right by pointing out the reasons, telling them they must boil Postum 15 or 20 minutes after boiling commences, then they get fine, choice and delicious Postum." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

regardless of a considerable distance, is that of a New England farmer whom I know well. He lives in a very fertile reach of country, but his farm is fifteen miles from the nearest railroad station, and from there fifteen more to the city. Most of his neighbors "trade" at the country store, but this farmer goes twice a week to the city, taking with him large quantities of butter, eggs, poultry, fruit and farm produce. In the city he hires two wagons, one to deliver the wholesale orders, and the other for the family trade. It is needless to say that he pays more for these teams than he would for the same accommodation in his native town, and one of his neighbors, reflecting on this "blame mordinate expense," observed that "payin' out what that crazy cuss does in car fares and for teams in the city, he didn't see how he ever made his dum'd business pay—and he didn't more'n half b'leeve it *did* pay, either. And yet the "crazy cuss" is to-day rated as one of the wealthiest men of his town, while his critic, though owning by inheritance a larger and better farm, is comparatively poor. It is right for me to add, however, that the latter is an acknowledged oracle in the country store, an accepted authority on all things, from points of theology to the digging of wells—to say nothing of his neighbors' affairs. It is not given to one man to compass all the heights of greatness, and personally I never knew a thrifty, prosperous farmer who was a country-store oracle.

I could cite other instances but I think I need not multiply examples to show the extreme importance to the farmer of placing his goods in the right market. Failure in this respect minimizes the result of the greatest economy and good management in others, and a bad market—or even a good one, poorly utilized—is often sufficient to wreck a farming enterprise otherwise conducted with the best of judgment.

How is a good market poorly utilized? By dumping into it cartloads of stuff to be sold by commission houses, thus losing not only the middleman's profit but sharing with the commission man a large part of the profit that properly belongs to the farmer himself; by letting gilt-edged fancy goods go along with the indifferent or poor to fetch what they may chance to bring; and last but not least, by sending inferior goods which bring so low a price as hardly to offset the cost of transportation. The competition in farm products of ordinary quality is tremendous, often running the price down to a very low figure. It is the superior goods that pay and that place the farmer on such a footing in the market that he can boldly state what he asks for them, instead of humbly inquiring of some third-class dealer what he will give. Be assured that *in every large city there is a class of people who are willing to pay the very best of prices for farm products if they can only have the very best of goods.*

This brings me to the proper means of reaching this class of customers and introduces another important factor in the marketing of goods: advertising, a thing as essential to the farmer as to any other business man. It is true that, having once got a foothold and established a reputation for his goods, he may need much less advertising than at the start; but it is doubtful whether he can afford to wholly dispense with it at any time. Advertising, in various ways, has long been practiced by one class of farmers—the stock-breeders; indeed we should hardly know how to get along without it. To my mind it is clear that it would very often be of just as much value in other branches; but custom—a strange thing, I have sometimes thought, in the powerful grip that it has on farmers—has long restricted advertising to stock-breeders alone.

Let me cite a few instances from my own experience of what judicious advertising will do.

Many years ago circumstances threw into my hands the care and management of a large dairy. The cows were of good quality, but the butter was no whit better than the average. It was marketed at the country store and in turn sent to the city by the storekeeper. It brought twenty cents a pound, which was the price current for "farmers' butter" at that time; and in honesty, that was all it was worth.

My first move was to call the attention of my butter maker to certain principles which, though simple and few in number, must invariably be observed if good butter is to be made. The result was that we soon began to turn out a very fancy article indeed. I now had a lot of sample half pounds very nicely put up and sent among the people whom I wished to secure as customers, each package accompanied by a printed letter,

OFFICIALLY APPROVED BY THE NEW YORK CITY SCHOOLS, AND NEW YORK STATE REGENTS

The Kind of Reading the Busy Man Likes

For the man of affairs, with countless calls upon his time, the hours for reading are few, and, therefore, should be well spent. They could not be better utilized than in company with the **WARNER LIBRARY.** Summing up, as it does, the best literary thought of the whole world, it is indispensable as a reference work for the hurried moments of the day, and a source of quiet, pleasurable reading at night. Your hours for reading will be enjoyable with WARNER.

Hon. Lyman J. Gage said:

"I [illegible] commending THE WORLD'S BEST LITERATURE [illegible] in themselves a valuable library."

The Late Vice-Pres. Hobart said:

"It is a pleasure to commend THE WORLD'S BEST LITERATURE, so admirably edited and selected as to meet all the requirements of its title. It is a most valuable addition to my library, and I prize it highly."

The Famous Warner Library of The World's Best Literature

(IN 46 SUPERB ROYAL OCTAVO VOLUMES)

THE WORK OF 300 EMINENT LITERARY SPECIALISTS

Assisting Charles Dudley Warner were Hamilton Wright Mabie and 300 other editors, critics and scholars. In a series of splendid essays by the greatest living writers, every great author is discussed. With this immense work at hand no one need ever plead ignorance of any literary subject.

THE BEST OF FICTION, HUMOR, POETRY, SCIENCE, ETC.

The *Warner Library* contains 20,000 pages of [illegible], humor, science, philosophy, travel, essays, letters—in a word, all the best and lasting literary thought of sixty centuries. [illegible] profusely illustrated.

Less Than Half Former Prices

On account of our superior advertising facilities we were able to secure control of the entire "Memorial Edition"—newly revised and enlarged, and will supply these splendid sets at only a fraction above factory prices—*less than one-half* the publisher's prices of the work. We will also accept

Small Monthly Payments

So small that you will not feel the outlay. But prompt action is needful, as the demand for this new edition is already very large.

Send This Free Inquiry Coupon To-Day

Free Inquiry Coupon

The American Newspaper Association
61-63 Fifth Ave., New York

[illegible] and [illegible] regard to the [illegible] of the Warner [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

THIS ADVERTISEMENT MUST APPEAR

All Ages—5 to 85 Years

The Stone Method

This picture illustrates the muscular and chest development of one of our pupils, Mr. George Bosworth, of Beatrice, Nebr. Mr. Bosworth wrote us an interesting letter giving his opinion of **The Stone Method.** We will send you this letter if you desire it. **The Stone Method** [illegible] exercise which requires no apparatus, only 10 to 20 minutes' time each day, in your own room just before retiring. **Does not overtax the heart.** Women receive as much benefit from **The Stone Method** as [illegible]. We are the only instructors [illegible] who pay special [illegible] of women and children. Mrs. Ellen Walker, [illegible] has had an extensive experience [illegible] and answers letters of a private nature. [illegible] letters.

WOMEN

"Mrs. Ellen Walker, care The Stone School"

24-Page Booklet with photos from life FREE

[illegible] what you may [illegible] The Stone Method, and what you may [illegible] will be glad to send them, FREE.

THE STONE SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
1668 Masonic Temple, Chicago

Buy a Wood Mantel

and buy it of us. We have the largest variety and give the best value for the money. Beautiful Oak Mantels complete with tile and grate, $13.50 to $150.00. Freight prepaid to all points east of the Mississippi River. Prorated beyond.

No. 576 as here illustrated, gives a fair idea of our prices. Beautiful Golden Oak, 7 feet high, 5 feet wide, French bevel mirror 28 x 36 inches, complete with best tiles and grate, delivered as above, on receipt of $30.00. Absolute guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded. **$30**

Send for our 56-page illustrated catalogue showing 60 new and exclusive mantels

C. F. BROWER & CO. - - Lexington, Ky.

"The Mail Order Mantel House"

Cut to Your Measure

A tailor is a skilled and experienced workman ever [illegible] easily more difficult and [illegible] we had measured you ourselves. But long experience has made our work wonderfully accurate

We guarantee Fit, Materials, Style and Workmanship. Our prices are absolutely lowest for reliable, satisfactory tailoring.

Our Catalogue for Spring and Summer contains samples of the season's latest fabrics in the variety from which to select. It also illustrates the prevailing styles of garments, quotes prices and gives full instructions for measuring

Send for Catalogue VH To-day

You save 30 to 50 per cent. by our prices and take no chance in ordering your clothing from us. We take back all unsatisfactory garments, refund your money in full and pay express charges both ways. Your procrastination is at the expense of your best interests. Write to-day

Montgomery Ward & Co.,

Michigan Ave. and Madison St., Chicago.

Our reputation protects you.

Columbia Seal

Expert instruction in guided [illegible] and physical culture

Price $2 50 delivered

Also reproductions of seals of Yale, Princeton, Harvard, University of Pennsylvania, Cornell, Trinity, etc

Circular of seals in answer to request

Representatives wanted in all college towns. Designs and estimates furnished for [illegible]

CECIL H SHERMAN & CO
22 South 11th street Philadelphia

GUYOT SUSPENDERS

[illegible] Have Indestructible Trouble [illegible] doesn't keep them and 50 cents for sample pair.

OSTHEIMER BROS., 621 Broadway, New York City

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN SUMMER SESSION

Literary Department. Professors and Instructors—187 courses. Preparatory, Undergraduate, Graduate, Teachers' Courses. Tuition $10. Room and board $3 to $5. Beautiful location. Special Announcements for Law and Medicine.

JOHN R. EFFINGER, Secretary, 760 E. Univ. Ave., Ann Arbor

GOVERNMENT POSITIONS

More than 12,000 appointments made last year. Civil Service Letter for 1903, telling how we prepared by mail [illegible] salary, free vacation, [illegible] rules, paid, examinations where held in every State, [illegible]

NATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTE (Inc.), 19-43 Second National Bank Building, WASHINGTON, D. C.

TELEGRAPHY Circular free. Wonderful automatic teacher. 5 styles. $2 00 up.

OMNIGRAPH CO., E 39 Cortlandt St., N. Y.

Learn Letter and Monogram

ENGRAVING

On silver and jewelry. Write for booklet

Dept. P, REES ENGRAVING SCHOOL, Huntington, N.Y.

stating that I was prepared to send by express butter of this quality at thirty-five cents a pound to any one ordering ten pounds or more at a time. Smaller orders than this I did not care for, on account of the cost of expressage. In less than a month we had orders, at this price, for all that we could make; and from that time on the demand was greater than we could supply.

Much of this butter was sent nearly two hundred miles by rail and the remainder went to a city some thirty miles distant. In looking back now I feel certain that a larger price could have been obtained, but I was new to the business (having previously confined my live-stock operations almost wholly to horses and sheep), and I did not realize how very scarce the finest butter was—and still is—in the market. But seventy five per cent. is nevertheless a great advance in price.

As I have intimated, the use of advertising does not need to be recommended to stock breeders, but a certain live-stock transaction that I recall so aptly illustrates its general value that I think I may very properly relate it. I had a large flock of Southdown sheep to sell and I wished, if possible, to make a clean sweep of them and close out the whole flock at once. I therefore put an advertisement in a journal that had a large circulation among stock men, calling attention to the pedigrees and individual merits of the sheep, and stating that if the whole flock was taken a low figure would be named

I do not think any of my immediate neighbors ever saw this journal, but through that bureau of general information, "the store," it became known that the sheep were for sale. One of my neighbors had long kept what he called Southdowns—that is, unregistered mongrels in which Southdown blood predominated—and this gentleman came to me and offered eight dollars a head for the flock, "and take the hull on 'em, good, bad and indifferent." Common sheep at that time were quoted in the stock-market reports at from two dollars and a half to four dollars a head

I fancied that my neighbor turned pale while making this generous concession to the merits of blooded stock, and he apologized for his conduct by saying that he didn't know but he was a blame fool, but he wanted them sheep bad. I saved him from further folly by declining his offer. He told me that no one else in the neighborhood would give me any more, and he told the truth. But in this fancy-stock business I had never depended on the neighborhood for a market, and a few days later I sold the sheep to a distant flock owner for twenty dollars a head

This, to be sure, was not a large price, individually, for Southdowns—though it was a very good one when it is remembered that it included the whole flock, some of which were aged, and some lambs running with their dams. I mention it, however, not to show that it was a large price, but to show the vast difference between it and what could have been realized without advertising

"Advertisin' never created a customer!" said a country sage to me once. Perhaps it does not create customers—though I have known cases where this might be questioned—but *it brings together the man who wants to sell and the man who wants to buy.*

In speaking of the value of advertising to farmers, I would not, of course, be understood as advocating its indiscriminate or excessive use: it is simply one of the factors in the proper marketing of goods and, as such, is to be used with discriminating judgment. No hard and fast rules can be laid down, and it is for the farmer to decide when it is to his advantage to advertise and, what is of equal importance, what form of advertising will best serve his purpose. In the marketing of staple products, such as wheat, corn, hay, potatoes and the like, in which the price current for each grade is very definitely fixed, advertising would serve no purpose, and such crops, if produced in any considerable quantities, are best disposed of through the regular channels of trade.

The whole matter of marketing farm products resolves itself into what is necessary in any well-conducted enterprise: a careful study of the situation and the exercise of common sense. I would say, in conclusion, what I have often said before when speaking of the possibilities of agriculture, that, as the demand for the best farm products is always in excess of the supply, he who has them has a great advantage in the market if only he knows how to profit by the situation. And if he has practiced a proper economy in their production and follows up with sagacity and perseverance the advantages that the market conditions afford, he need have no fear of the result; his reward will be ample.

Dentist to $100 Draftsman Through the I. C. S.

When I enrolled in the International Correspondence Schools, I had a good dental practice in Maxwell, Iowa, but my opportunities were limited, so I decided to become a draftsman. While the Schools were training me for this work, I made and sold mechanical drawings, receiving as high as $15 for a single drawing. Just one year after enrolling, through the help of the Schools' Students' Aid Department, I became chief draftsman for the South Metallic Packing Co., 861 Monadnock Block, Chicago, Ill (for whom I had previously made some drawings), with a salary of $100 per month and expenses. Any one of average intelligence who follows the instruction can succeed.

Do You Want a Better Position?

The mission of the I C S is to [illegible] better positions. Our courses [illegible] No books to buy. The [illegible] of thousands in our possession [illegible] whom we have helped toward success. The technically trained man does not have to hunt for work, the work hunts for him. That we furnish the right kind of training is proven by our 48 page booklet "1001 Stories of Success," which [illegible] and progress of over a thousand I. C. S. students, many in your own locality. It shows what we have done for others, and what we can do for you. To those inquiring now it will be sent free. Cut out, fill in, and mail the Coupon

DO IT NOW!

International Correspondence Schools
Box 1171, Scranton, Pa.

Please send me your booklet "1001 Stories of Success," and explain how I can qualify for the position before which I have marked X

Mechanical Engineer	Textile Designer
Mech. Draftsman	Show Card Writer
Electrical Engineer	Metallurgist
Electrician	Chemist
Telephone Engineer	Ornamental Designer
Steam Engineer	Navigator
Marine Engineer	Bookkeeper
Civil Engineer	Stenographer
Surveyor	Teacher
Mining Engineer	To Speak French
Sanitary Engineer	To Speak German
Architect	To Speak Spanish

Name

St. and No.

City State

The Life of a Watch

JAS. BOSS
Stiffened GOLD
Watch Cases

[illegible] guaranteed for 25 years. [illegible] it a watch case for [illegible] and beauty, get the Boss with the [illegible] trade mark stamped inside. Send for booklet

THE KEYSTONE WATCH CASE CO
Philadelphia

Indian Moccasins BY MAIL

To All Sizes

The Ideal House Slipper

Very Desirable for Summer Wear

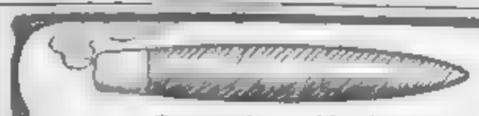
Infants',	1 to 5	$0 50
Child's,	6 to 10	.75
Misses',	11 to 13	1 00
Ladies',	1 to 6	1 50
[illegible]	7 to 12	2 00
Men's Laced,	6 to 10	2.50

In Natural Tan, Red Brown and Grey

[illegible] receipt of price [illegible] or Money Order

Hyde Exploring Expedition

38 W. Twenty third St., New York



"Opechee" Cigar

An honest smoke—Best cigar value. Our price $5.00 per 100—We sell direct to the smoker only—To prove its worth we will gladly send a cigar FREE on request, to any address in the U. S. Try one at our expense.

THE STEEL CITY CIGAR COMPANY
6014 Centre Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

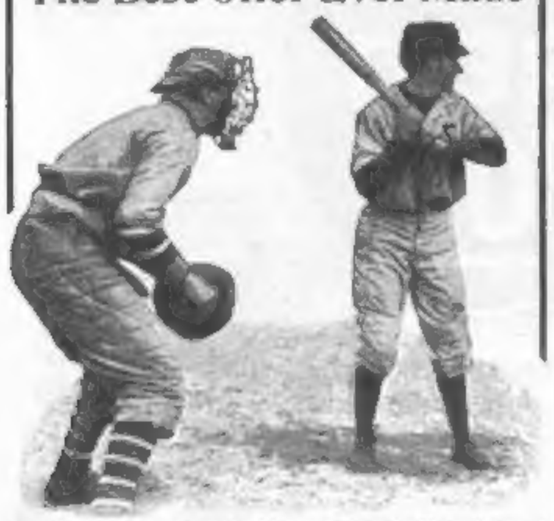
A Living from 5 Acres

If you have a small farm, a country place, a suburban or village home, and wish to learn how to make a living from a few acres, write for **The Small Farmer**, Beautifully illustrated in two colors. Something new in farm and country literature. **Send 10c. for 3 months' trial.**

THE SMALL FARMER, Dept. 6, 31 E. 17th St., New York

BOYS

The Best Offer Ever Made



Send your name and address and we will mail you 36 pieces of **ART JEWELRY** to sell at only 10 cts. each—no trash. Everybody you offer it to will probably purchase one or more pieces at sight. When sold send us the **$3.60** and we will send you promptly and without charge by

Express a BOY'S **League Baseball Outfit**

containing 9 Baseball Caps, 9 Baseball Belts, 1 Baseball, 1 Baseball Bat, 1 Thrower's Glove, 1 Catcher's Mitt, 1 Catcher's Wire Mask, 1 Book Complete Base Ball Rules. Here is a chance to get a complete outfit without costing you a penny. Jim dandy goods and latest league pattern. This outfit would cost you at least $3.00 in any store that handles sporting goods.

Form a Baseball Club

Get nine boys in your locality and organize a baseball club for the summer. Let each boy earn his share in this large outfit by selling four pieces of jewelry. This will take but a few minutes of each boy's time, and will be a source of enjoyment for the whole summer season. We will guarantee you honorable treatment and shall expect you to treat us the same. Such an offer as we make you has never been made before by any reliable concern. Your credit is good with us, and we trust you for the **JEWELRY** until you have sold it. Write today. Address us this way:

STANDARD JEWELRY CO.
Dept. 13 BOSTON, MASS.

CAPITAL
$500,000.00
SURPLUS
$750,000.00

This bank accepts deposits by mail and allows interest at the rate of

4% Compounded Every Six Months

Write today for our booklet which explains the system fully.

OFFICERS: Geo. M. Laughlin, *President*.
W. H. Nimick, *Vice-President*.
A. S. Bevmer, *Cashier*.
Edward E. McCoy, *Asst. Cashier*.

DIRECTORS:
Geo. M. Laughlin, S. H. Vandergrift,
Joshua Rhodes, William B. Rhodes,
Jas. J. Buchanan, William C. Magee,
Frank J. Hearne, J. C. McDowell,
C. W. C. Johnston, W. H. Nimick,
William Witherow, David F. Collingwood,
Irwin B. Laughlin.

The Keystone Bank of Pittsburg, Pa.
320-322-324 Fourth Ave.

PRETTY CHEEKS

A Food That Makes Girls Sweet to Look Upon

The right food for young ladies is of the greatest importance to their looks, to say nothing of the health. Thin, sallow girls don't get the right food you may be absolutely certain. A Brooklyn girl says: "For a long time in spite of all I could do I was thin, skinny and nervous. My cheeks were so sunken my friends used to remark on how bad I looked. I couldn't seem to get strength from my food—meat, potatoes, bread, &c. So I tried various medicines without help.

"I often read about Grape-Nuts, but never tried the food until one day something impressed me that perhaps if I would eat Grape-Nuts for my nerves and brain I could digest and get the good of my food. So I started in. The food with cream was fascinating to my taste and I went in for it regularly twice a day.

"Well I began to improve and now while on my third package I have changed so my friends congratulate me warmly, ask me what in the world I have taken, &c., &c. My cheeks are plump and rosy and I feel so strong and well. I sleep sound and it seems as though I couldn't get enough to eat. Thank you sincerely for making Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason for Grape-Nuts.

The Princess Romanova

(Continued from Page 7)

slender, dark man in a blue serge suit and negligé shirt, who mechanically adjusted his gold pince-nez as he advanced now at a slower gait. The two Chinamen with war bows fitted long arrows to the strings, and with a sudden lifting of the left foot and widening of the arms they let drive. One arrow whizzed by Hopper's head and the other pierced his clothing, making a nasty scratch on his left side. Then the pistol cracked twice and the two Chinamen fell sprawling, with bullets through their bodies. The other two promptly dropped the fainting women and started to run. Hopper aimed deliberately at the one who had seized the Princess and fired. It was a long shot, but the bullet took effect, as a scream of pain testified.

Neither the Princess nor the maid evinced any signs of reviving, but lay there huddled upon the ground as though dead. Hopper ran to the egde of the bluff and there, as good fortune would have it, was the General's *lotka*, and the General himself strolling along leisurely upon the sand. The American shouted so loudly and flung his arms about so wildly that the orderly, the two moujiks, and even the Governor himself were soon scrambling up the steep bank toward him. The Romanova had revived by the time they all reached her, and sat in the tall grass doing up her abundant hair, woman fashion, and looking about with awakening eyes. She was pale as a ghost and held out her hands appealingly. Hopper and the General helped her to her feet, and it was the American who supported her until her trembling limbs regained their strength. The General surveyed the dead Chinamen, and then, standing squarely in front of Hopper, removed his cap and made a low bow.

At the next station they found a small Government boat awaiting them that drew but one foot of water. It had been sent down by the authorities to pick up the Governor, and Courtland Hopper, ex-cotillon leader, was taken on board and given one of the four cabins all to himself, although one of the greatest heiresses in all Russia was thereby compelled to occupy a room with her maid. There was still a special apartment left for the Governor's dog.

During the remainder of the journey Hopper scarcely left the Princess' side. Indeed, she showed little desire that he should keep at a distance, for she greeted him every morning with a dazzling smile, and remained till all hours of the night with him upon the little deck, looking at the moon and the ghostly Cossack villages that now became more frequent. They could not talk to each other, but as often as he would make her understand by signs she would cry sweetly, "*Da, da!*" which means yes in Russian, and whenever he failed to catch her meaning she would murmur sadly, "*Nichevo*," which signifies "Nothing at all," or "No."

They arrived at Stretinsk all too soon for the American, who deemed that he should never see the Princess again after bidding her good-by at the gangplank. He was more affected than he cared to show, but by making the interview brief he managed to get through it creditably. The lady pressed his hand lingeringly, and looked unutterable gratitude at him out of her now serious eyes, in which the tears trembled. Hopper bowed very low and kissed the little hand, then he turned resolutely away and walked off. As he was leaving the boat the maid gave him a letter, written in the Russian language and bearing the Romanova crest at the head of the page.

Hopper found the store by repeating the magic word "Emory, Emory," to an isvosjik, and there he was greeted by a young Russian who spoke considerable English. With this man's aid he set to work immediately, and was soon up to the neck in business, studying the demands of the trade, getting in new stock, writing letters, and attending to a thousand and one details. Every spare moment he devoted to the study of Russian, and within two weeks knew enough words to render him less helpless. Meanwhile he carried the Princess' letter in his pocket, and every day he looked at it to see whether or not he could as yet recognize any of the words. Once or twice he was tempted by impatience to ask his assistant to translate it for him, but Hopper's training, somehow, and his instinct, prevented his showing a letter from a lady to another. So he worked away at that letter, word by word, and at the

Ad. Writing as a Money-Making Business

How Taught, and Why Skill Acquired by Mail Instruction Brings From $1200 to $6000 a Year

By GEORGE H. POWELL

THE modern business of advertising writing is arousing widespread attention throughout the commercial world, and the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, especially, are evincing unusual interest, as may be judged by the large number of young men and women who write me for the facts which my various writings in the periodical press can only hint at in the most casual way.

Business men, too, who feel the need of the great stimulus produced by up-to-date advertising, and who must attend to it themselves, largely because skilled ad. writers are entirely too few in number to lend their aid, are likewise consulting me, and the final result will not only greatly benefit their enterprises but it will materially advance the cause of good advertising, and be responsible for the building up of many a large business.

I find that the great body of my readers, while admitting the marvelous possibilities of advertising, are nevertheless loth to believe that the art of writing advertisements can be thoroughly taught by mail. It is for the benefit of these doubters that I am now writing, and while the allotted space is limited, yet much can be made clear.

I established my school at the urgent suggestion of notable advertising authorities, who realized the great need of expert instruction. The institutions that entered the field early were producing only limited results, due to a lack of expertness on the part of the instructors themselves, which had been especially unsatisfactory when business men enrolled to acquire skill in the preparation of their own ads. The Powell System, now generally conceded to be a correct method of teaching advertising writing, has been a marvelous success because it confines the student to ad. writing from start to finish. The "lecture" or "essay" idea finds no place since practice, not theory, produces expertness. Nor does the Powell System attempt to deal with the business management of agencies or newspapers. Concentration is the keynote.

The concrete principle—work—is the one factor that dominates my relations with the student from first to last.

The Powell System is the result of my long experience as a business and advertising expert, in addition to my experience, years before correspondence instruction was devised, in training a clerk in my own employ, who only took up the study of ad. writing because I assured him that it was "going to be the greatest business on earth in a few years."

How did I teach him? Why, simply by selecting a series of actual advertisements, explaining the good and bad elements, and requiring him to write out and prepare at home evenings his own efforts for my revision and criticism. And this, too, is the Powell System of to-day, save that my analysis and explanatory sheets now take the place of personal conversation, which the clerk referred to often forgot in many instances. And here is the superiority of the correspondence plan.

I taught this bright young man how to originate illustrative ideas and how to write in a catchy, taking vein, but being no artist myself, and unable even to make an attempt at drawing a representation of my teacher as a boy, I did not bother this first student with "drawing," which is a wholly unnecessary accomplishment in the ad. writer, although no handicap, of course. There is no such a thing as "born advertising originality." It is acquired only by study.

To-day this original student is one of the most celebrated and skillful ad. writers in America, and draws a large salary running into the thousands. And all he had at the start was a good common school education, coupled with steadfastness and a willingness to work.

There has never been a time since I gave the Powell System to the business world that a change of plan was ever found necessary, and the scores of young men and women I have instructed and made practical ad. writers, capable of earning from $25.00 a week up during the past year or two, are living examples of what I can do for ambitious people.

Added to my regular instruction is my examination of the business man's individual needs, and by recommending improvements, apart from the advertising instruction itself, I have won unstinted praise.

In a word, the student who completes my course of instruction is thoroughly grounded in the art of producing original advertising that will attract attention and create business—the kind of advertising that is to-day in active demand. And in this connection I may add that not a week passes that the most prominent business concerns in America do not apply to me for advertising talent—and frequently at salaries double what any recent graduate could hope to earn.

I shall be glad to mail my beautiful new Prospectus—the most meaty work of the sort ever published—to all business men who want more business and to all young men and women who want more salary or income. Simply address me George H. Powell, 196 Temple Court, New York, N. Y.

The most artistic and durable color effects on shingles are produced with Shingletint, which is a scientific combination of linseed oil, coloring matter, creosote, and the necessary drying agents.

Among the many shingle stains offered, Shingletint is conspicuous not only for its superiority, but because it can be called for by its distinctive name, thus offering the consumer protection against inferior goods offered for the same purpose.

When buying Shingle Stains it will be worth while to ignore the "just as good" argument and insist upon Shingletint.

Stained woods and descriptive literature sent free upon request.

Berry Brothers, Limited

VARNISH MANUFACTURERS

New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco

Factory and Main Office, DETROIT

The Diamond Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

AND

NEW YORK, BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, BUFFALO, DETROIT, CINCINNATI, CLEVELAND, CHICAGO, DENVER, AND SAN FRANCISCO

LEARN ADVERTISING

If you want to know how to do your advertising at less cost, if you wish to become an advertising writer or manager at $20 to $100 weekly, if you wish to gain knowledge that will positively increase your salary or income, send three 2c. stamps for prospectus telling "Who Should Study Advertising," and booklets, "The Ill Fortunes of Brother Bill," "Other People's Brains," and "How Shall a Young Man Succeed."

CHARLES AUSTIN BATES, 50 Spruce Street, N. Y.

W. X. Y. Z. Nose Piece Don't Slip Off

In Hot Weather. No bruising the skin. Antiseptic. No more embarrassing failures to wear nose glasses. **FIT any NOSE** or **NOSE GLASSES.** Send us description. Can fit them on glasses yourself. Send for a pair; money order or cash. 14k. Filled 65 cts. Solid Gold $1.00.

PRESPER'S OPTICAL PARLORS

2307 Frankford Ave., Phila., Pa.

Send 2 cents in stamps for "How to Test Your Eyes." We send Prescriptions for Glasses, which can be filled anywhere.

CORRESPONDENCE INSTRUCTION IN

Drawing or Water Color

NEW YORK SCHOOL OF CARICATURE

NEW YORK SCHOOL OF WATER COLOR

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end of six months had managed to pick it all out, thus learning the Russian words for "preserver," "hero," "chivalrous gentleman," "modern knight-errant," "undying gratitude," and several others which he would not have been apt to acquire in an ordinary course of lessons. He also learned that the Princess' town house was situated in the city of Moscow and her country residence about thirty versts distant therefrom. He was invited, if he ever visited Moscow, to call upon her; and was informed that she had taken up the study of English and hoped to be able to thank him sometime, in his own language, for having rescued her from a horrible fate. At the end of a year Hopper had occasion to go to Moscow on business, and he called upon the Princess. She received him with extreme cordiality and invited him to dinner. He was able to converse with her quite freely now, as he found that her English supplemented his Russian to such an extent that between them they were in possession of a vocabulary of considerable scope. The Princess proved to be the wittiest, best-natured and altogether the most charming woman that Hopper had ever met. His old-time friends in America will understand how thoroughly agreeable he must have made himself to the Princess. She could see at a glance that he felt at home in a palace. He left Moscow with an invitation to attend a house party at her country place during the coming winter season. He went, and found himself a favorite in Russian high society, through the Princess' patronage. In fact, he was commonly spoken of as "the American hero." So that is how it all came about. It seems the Princess fell in love with him on the General's boat, and so, when he bade her good-by one day, telling her that he should not trust himself to see her again, lest he should reveal sentiments which he felt were presumptuous, she replied shyly:

"That depends on how I should regard them."

To the objections of her relatives the Princess opposed the argument:

"If a Czar could marry a peasant girl, I don't see why a Princess cannot marry an American gentleman."

And that is how Courtland Hopper turned the tables on those foreigners who are marrying our American heiresses. By rights, he should bring his bride and her fortune over to this country; but there is little hope of that.

A Wheel of Misfortune

MR. HARVEY W. WILEY, Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry, of the Department of Agriculture, is convinced that the world is progressing with great strides.

"It was not a great many years ago," said he, "that I was a member of the faculty of a Western University. It was there that a peculiar incident came very near injuring my career at its outset.

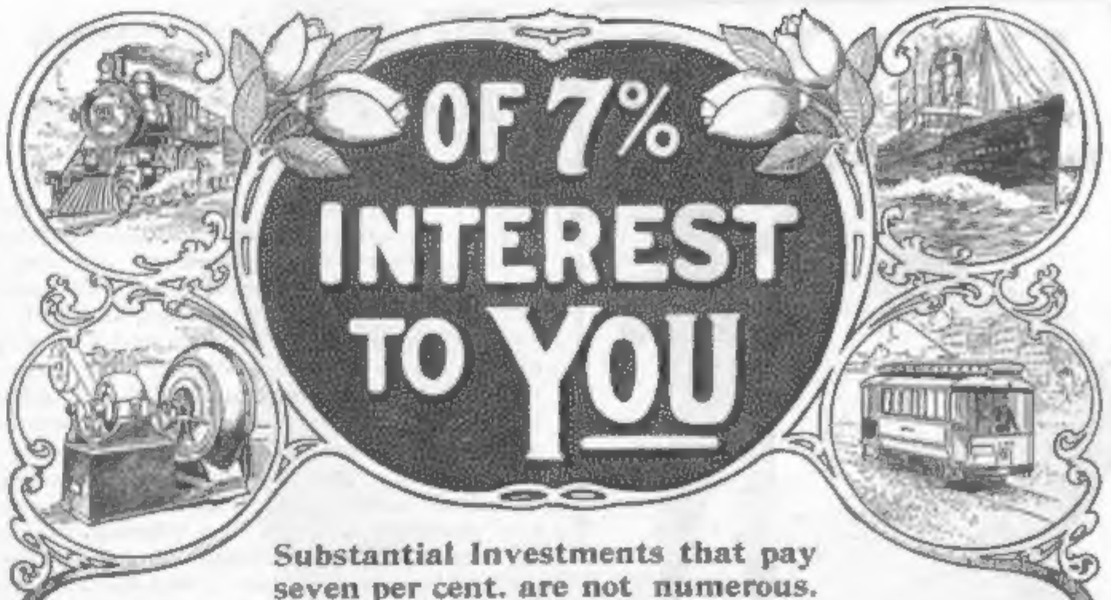
"You remember the early high bicycles. I was ardent and athletic. I bought a wheel and, discreetly confining to a secluded spot my efforts in learning to master my contumacious steed, I finally emerged safely astride my aërial seat and rode fearlessly across the campus to the steps of the laboratory.

"My colleagues and the students were divided between amusement and admiration, and I rode home that evening to the accompaniment of exclamations of grave astonishment and noisy acclaim. I met with no accident, and next morning again mounted my altitudinous wheel and made my way to the University grounds.

"As I was about to enter my office a friendly colleague greeted me with the confidential information that my bicycle exploit was creating comment of an unflattering character in the faculty. When I reached my desk I found an official letter from the Board of Trustees stating that charges had been preferred against me for gross and undignified disregard of the high and honorable traditions of the school, and I was cited to appear that day before a conclave of that august body.

"I had to refrain an impulse to laugh outright, but I saw they meant business and were deeply offended. Therefore, realizing the folly of letting a bicycle run away with my chances of a successful career, I professed my penitence and took solemn oath thereafter to walk sedately in the conventional path.

"I was not, however, to be let off so easily, and it was only through the full and hearty interposition of fellow-members of the faculty that I was saved from summary expulsion."



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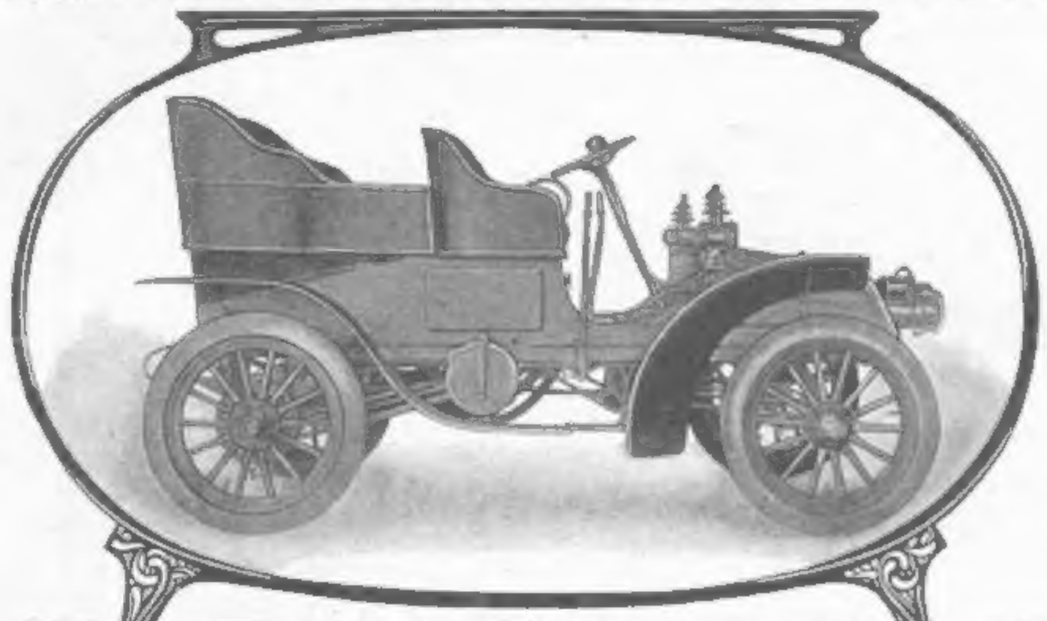

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It is so designed and constructed that every bearing is instantly accessible for inspection or adjustment.
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"The Hardwood Floor Authorities."

President Roosevelt's Newsboy

THIS IS WILLIAM SMITH, the boy who sells THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to President Roosevelt every Thursday. Last fall William started to sell THE POST in Washington. He already sold newspapers. One day, after he had received his supply of the out-of-town newspapers, he passed the White House and noticed that some papers which he had had for almost two hours were just being delivered. Next day was THE SATURDAY EVENING POST day. As soon as he had gotten his package he started for the White House on his bicycle at top speed, and sold as many copies as possible among the attachés. A few days later the President noticed a newspaper which he knew was to contain something in which he was interested. He called for his copy, but was told that it had not yet arrived. Inquiry was made as to where the copy which he had seen came from. He was told that "it was delivered by William Smith, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST boy," it being related how he had been supplying the White House staff ahead of the regular carrier. The President left instructions with Secretary Cortelyou that William be brought to him. He shook hands with him and said that thereafter he wanted him to deliver his copies of the daily papers and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. The story of "The President's Newsboy" traveled, and now, in addition to his newspapers, William sells from 400 to 500 copies of THE POST each week, principally to members of Congress, the President's household, and department clerks. He recently purchased two building lots with his earnings.

$250 IN EXTRA CASH PRIZES

Will be Given Next Month to Boys Who Do Good Work

There are 6000 boys like William Smith selling THE SATURDAY EVENING POST all over the country. They do it Friday afternoons after school hours and on Saturdays. Some are making $15.00 a week. We want more boys. It costs nothing to start; we send the first week's supply of 10 copies free. If you write to-day, YOU CAN START NEXT WEEK.

Boy Department, The Curtis Publishing Company, 426 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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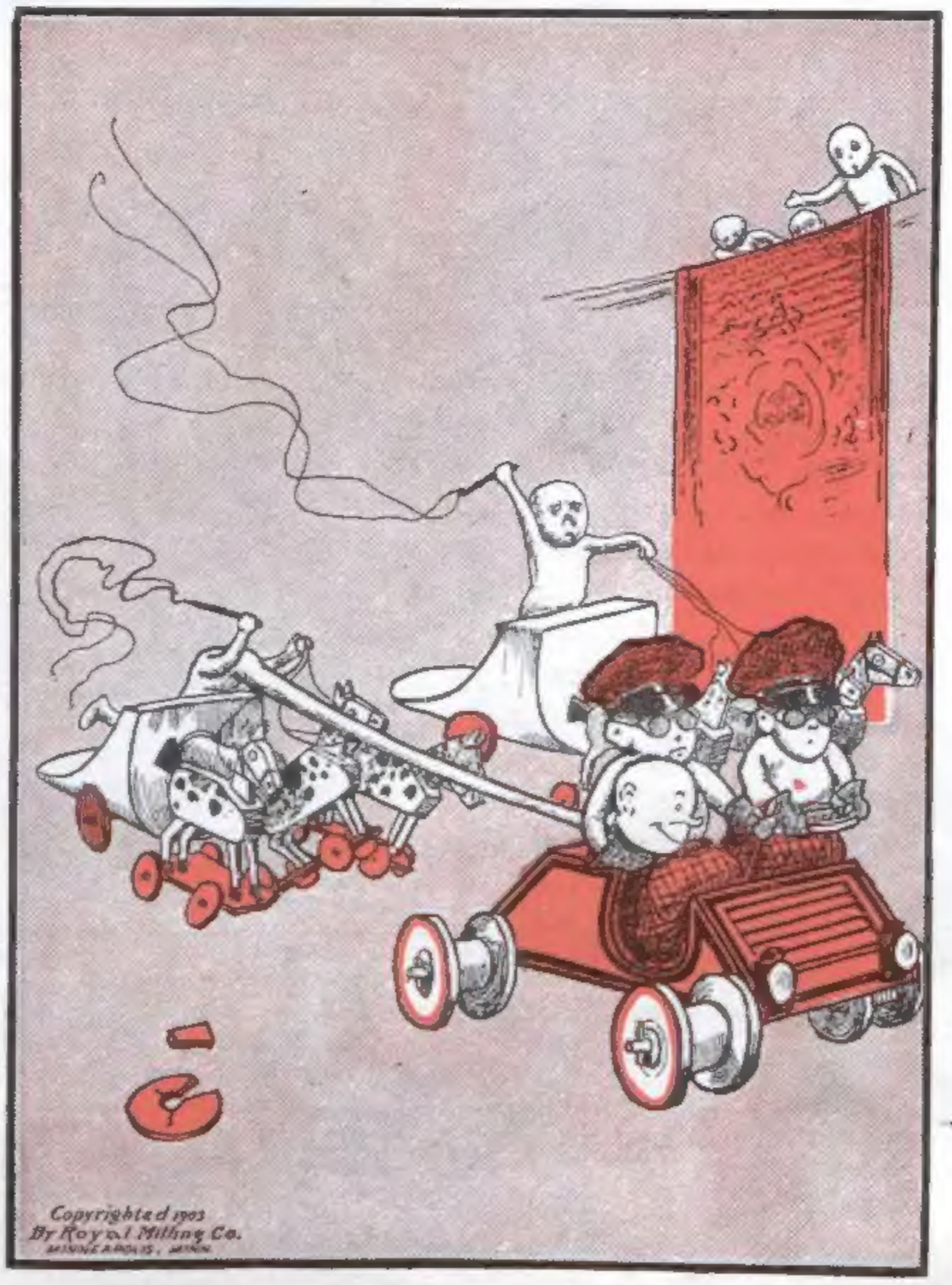
THE DOUGH BOYS' CHARIOT RACE.

The sportive Dough Boys planned a race
  Their nimble steeds to try:
For they enjoyed a track event
  As well as you or I.
The day had come, the track was fine,
  No clouds hung o'er the sky.

Their horses were but wooden toys:
  You might have thought them slow,
For you have really, truly nags
  Which can like lightning go.
But wooden horses are the things
  For little boys of dough.

Each charioteer made up his mind
  That he would not be last.
Clang! Clang! rang out the starter's bell,
  Off sped the racers fast;
When, like a streak, a spool-mobile
  With Dough Boys two whizzed past.

The hindmost racer saw a chance
  To have a bit of fun.
Beneath the "chuffer's" arm he tucked
  His head, as by they spun.
Out stretched his neck across the line—
  Thus, "by a neck" he won.



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